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Renovate Them, Says William F. Buckley Jr.
Eliminate Them, Says Jimmy Breslin

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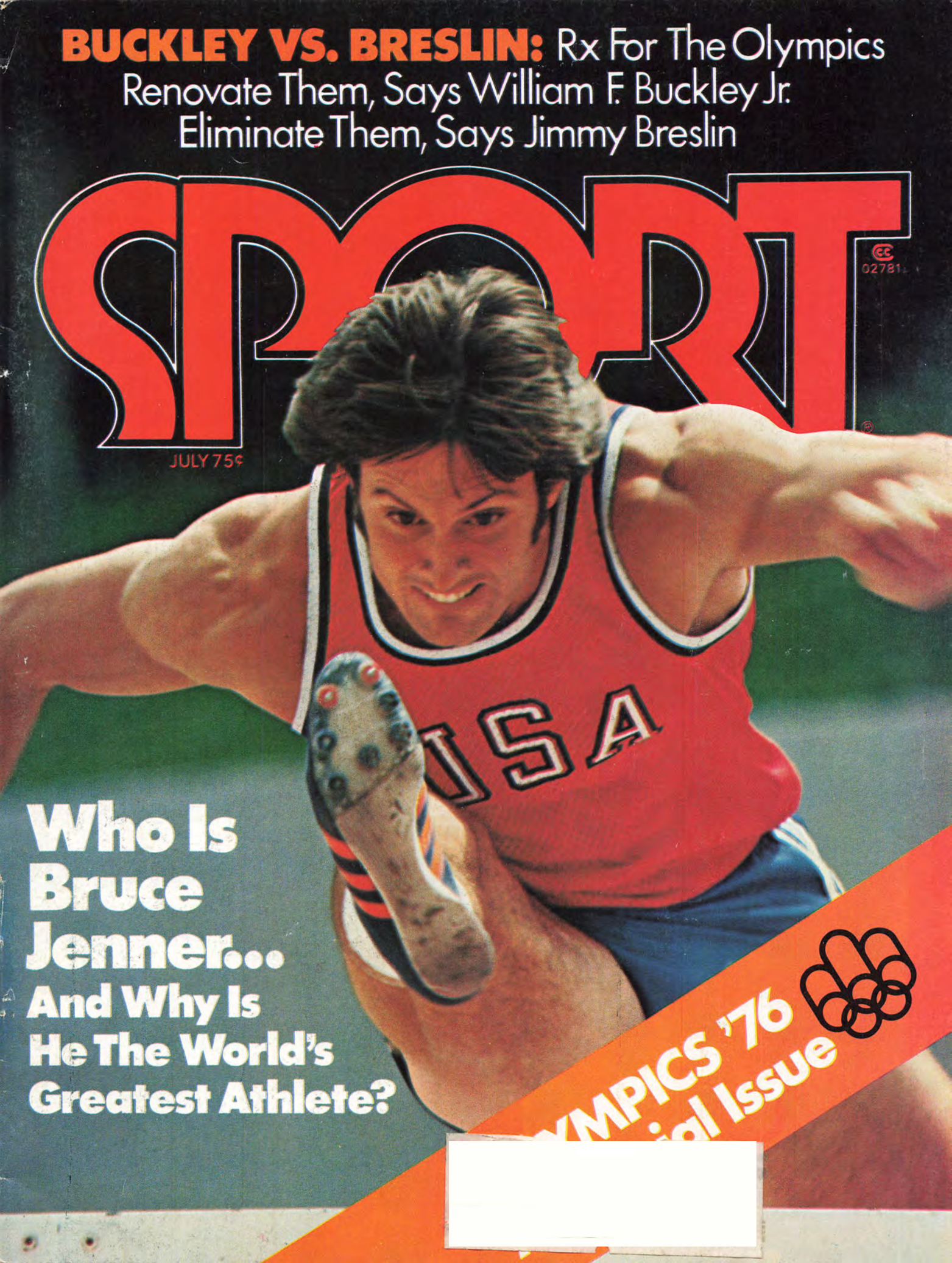

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SPORT

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Bruce Jenner BARRY BREGMAN

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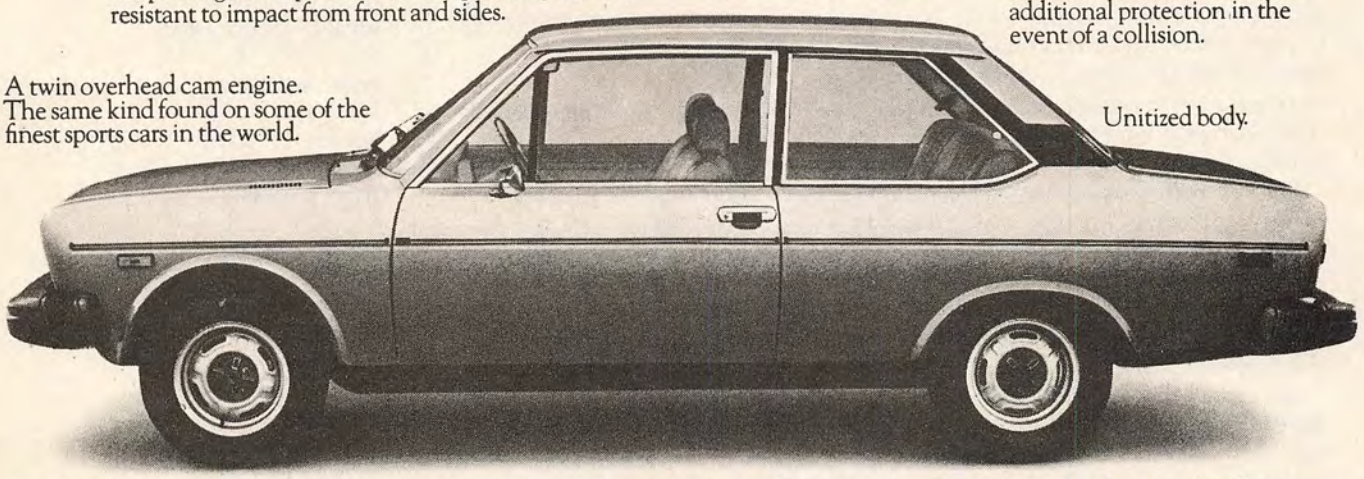

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JULY THIS MONTH IN SPORT

Unlike a large percentage of his fellow political philosophers and confessed intellectuals, William F. Buckley Jr. does not pretend to be a devout sports fan. Buckley, the essayist and novelist, admits that he prefers Bach fugues to basketball and insists that the only athletic pursuits which make any sense to him are yachting, preferably in tropical waters, and skiing, preferably on Alpine slopes.

Still, when we decided to assemble this special issue on the Olympics, we did not hesitate to ask Buckley for his views. Buckley, we knew, would offer strong and literate feelings on any sort of international confrontation between the United States and Godless communism.

As a result, Buckley is making his first appearance in SPORT and, quite possibly, his last, unless our readers suddenly demand coverage of the Newport-to-Nassau yacht race. This is not, however, the first time that Buckley has come up against Jimmy Breslin, a more-or-less regular contributor to SPORT. Buckley and Breslin have gone at each other on Buckley's syndicated television show, *Firing Line*, and in the political arena. Buckley has been the conservative candidate for Mayor of New York City, Breslin the radical candidate for President of the New York City Council. Each man lost—to his own vast relief.

One of the best things about this Olympic issue is that it gives us an opportunity to reprint the late John Lardner's profile of the late Paavo Nurmi. What Nurmi was to distance running in the 1920s, Lardner was to sportswriting in the 1940s and 1950s: A titan of his art.

The paintings in this issue are the work of William Nelson, who was selected by the United States Olympic Committee as its official artist for the 1976 Games.

Most of this issue was put together under the direction of Berry Stainback, SPORT's executive editor, while I was busy writing a biography of long-jumper Bob Beamon (see Nick Seitz' story on page 46). Beamon lives in San Diego and works out regularly with a pair of Olympic candidates, long-jumper Arnie Robinson and hurdler James King. The Olympic trials will be held at about the time this issue comes out, and veterans Beamon and Robinson have been telling King about the trials. "You can't believe the pressure," said Robinson. "You're going to see friends cry for the first time. Four years of work can all be wasted in a few seconds."

Dick Schaap

JIMMY BRESLIN

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

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PHOTO EDITOR

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Contributing Editors: Jimmy Breslin, Gary Cartwright, John Devaney, Tom Dowling, Pete Gent, Jeff Greenfield, Paul Hemphill, David Israel, Don Kowet, Lance Rentzel, Charley Rosen, Allan Roth, Gene Shalit.

Contributing Photographers: Daniel S. Baliotti, John Biever, Vernon J. Biever, Martin Blumenthal, Barry Bregman, Malcolm Emmons, Lewis Franck, Fred Kaplan, David Maenza, Darryl Norenberg, Manny Rubio, Carl Skalak Jr., David Sutton, Ozzie Sweet, Jerry Wachter.

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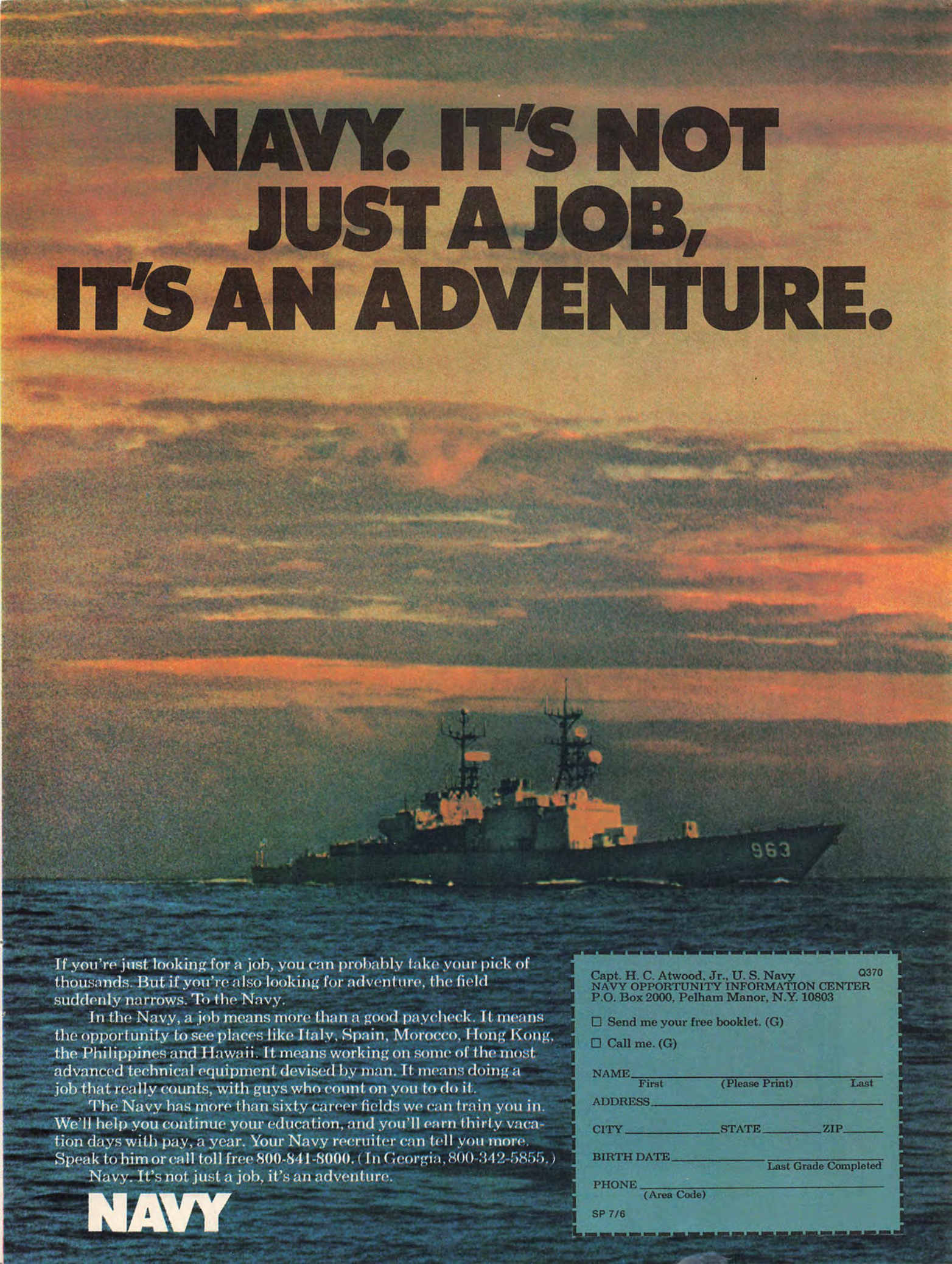

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SPORT TALK

Jim Ryun leaving the track after he was tripped in a heat at the Munich Olympics and didn't qualify for the 1,500 finals.

JIM RYUN'S OLYMPIC EXPERIENCES

Jim Ryun was for a decade America's premier miler, a man who held world records in the half mile (1:44.9), mile (3:51.1) and 1,500 meters (3:33.1). But he never won an Olympic gold medal. He was beaten by Kip Keino and the altitude at Mexico City in the 1968 Games, and in Munich in 1972 he was tripped during a qualifying heat and, his protest disallowed, disconsolately watched the final race from the stands.

Not long ago, after Ryun retired from competition with the pro International Track Association, Jim was asked about his experiences with Olympic officials and a pained expression came over his face.

"I hate to dwell on it," Ryun said, "but in general that's a very selfishly motivated group of people. To them, the Olympics is just a vehicle for their own personal gains. They really couldn't care less about the athletes.

"I first saw that in nineteen sixty-eight at the U.S. Olympic Trials at Lake Tahoe. There'd been a mixup on the official entry of Billy Mills, gold medal winner in the ten-thousand at Tokyo. He didn't qualify in the ten-thousand at Tahoe, so he wanted to run the five-thousand. But they had already completed one round and weren't going to let him run. Finally he ran a time trial all by himself in front of the right people and easily qualified for the finals.

"But hardly a lap into that final race, Olympic officials pulled him off the track because he would have bumped a black runner off the team and Harry Edward's brother had gone around threatening a boycott if that happened. The distance runners were ready to protest, but Billy—being the nice guy he is—said forget about it.

"And the German officials at Munich . . . I had the second-fastest time going into the Games and they wouldn't give me another chance after I was tripped. They said an official was right there and that I wasn't tripped. But one of the Kenyans was disqualified in the eight-hundred semis for shoving. He immediately made a scene, got the crowd on his side and they reversed their ruling. The guy went on to win a bronze medal. So instead of going

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SPORT TALK CONTINUED

through proper channels, I should have just raised heck."

Ryun was asked what his thoughts were after the race, and he said, "It was like a nightmare, that this isn't the way it's supposed to be. But after I regained my sense—I was literally knocked unconscious—I realized the futility of it all. So as I walked down into the tunnel, I said a little prayer and asked God to help my family understand what happened and to accept it."

Couldn't some kind of pressure, like a team boycott, have been brought on the German officials? he was asked.

"Like I said, everybody is there pretty much for themselves. The distance runners could have made a threat, but there were only a few of us. The night before the finals, ABC found a tape of the race that clearly showed there wasn't an official anywhere close to where I fell and that I was definitely tripped. I mean, the whole side of my shoe was torn off, yet the German officials wouldn't look at it.

"In the long run, I believe adversity is good in everybody's life because it gives us a perspective others don't have. So adversity has helped us grow . . . but I don't wish my experience at Munich on anyone."

Ryun paused, then said, "I wish I'd run better the last few years. But I've been very busy doing something that's even more important . . . raising a family [he and his wife Anne have four children] and developing a closer relationship with God. About a week before I announced my retirement, He spoke to me saying, 'You've fought a good fight, run a good race, but now you're finished.' I'm not an emotional guy, but I broke down and cried . . . I mean I'd been running for fourteen years and now it was over. It was like the weight of the world had been lifted off my back."

—Jim Olson

THE GREAT OLYMPIC BASKETBALL ROBBERY

The 1972 U.S. Olympic basketball team was so angry when the final game against the Russians was "stolen" from them that they voted to refuse the silver medal at Munich. Several of the players on that team spoke about what happened in that game not long ago and they were still angry.

"We played pretty badly up to the last ten minutes," admitted Tom McMillen, a rookie this past season with the Buffalo Braves. "We were losing forty-thirty, but then we started to get serious and really cut into their lead. Jim Brewer was one of our hot shooters, but then the Russians put in a guy who hadn't played before. His only purpose for being in was to knock Brewer around, which he did. Jim ended up on the floor with a concussion. He sat on the bench for the rest of the night, never knowing what was happening on the court."

Despite the loss of Brewer, Dwight Jones (who was ejected for fighting), and Mike Bantom (who fouled out), the U.S. pulled to within one point, 49-48, with 30 seconds remaining. The Soviets attempted to freeze the ball for the final half-minute. But Doug Collins upset that plan.

"The man I was guarding was at the top of the key," recalls the Philadelphia 76ers' guard. "I tried to lull them into thinking he

was open by dropping off a little. Two of our guys double-teamed the guy with the ball. He bobbled it in my direction and I picked it up. Then the guy went and fouled me."

Collins made the two free throws. There were now three seconds left in the game and the U.S. led for the first time, 50-49.

The Russians asked for a timeout, but instead of waiting for the official's signal they suddenly put the ball in play. A pass to midcourt took two seconds—then play was whistled to a halt.

After much discussion between officials and the rival coaches, Russia was given the ball at midcourt.

Kevin Joyce, now of the Kentucky Colonels, feels this never should have happened. "The referee said the reason he blew the whistle was because there were fans on the floor," Joyce says. "Actually the Russian coaches and players were running up the sidelines trying to get a timeout. That should have cost them two technical fouls. Under international rules, they couldn't have a timeout once the ball was in play. That was one foul. And for coming off the bench and going onto the court, their coach should have been hit with another technical."

This seemed academic when, a second later, a desperation shot by one of the Russians hit the backboard. "We started jumping up and down," recalls the Houston Rockets' Ed Ratleff. "I mean, that was the game and there was no doubt we had won. Right?"

Wrong. R. William Jones, of Great Britain, the secretary-general of the International Amateur Basketball Federation, rushed to the scorer's table and said, "That's not fair." Jones demanded that the clock be moved back three seconds and that the Russians have another chance. The scorekeeper argued for several moments, but, in the end, had to yield to Jones' authority.

Given this reprieve, Ivan Edeshko took the ball out of bounds underneath his team's basket. Tom McMillen, assigned to cover the inbounds pass, moved up close to the line, but was waved back by referee Renato Righetto, a Brazilian. "To this day I don't know why he moved me back," says McMillen, "but there was so much noise and confusion in the building that I did what he said."

Edeshko, with no interference, stepped inbounds and threw the ball down the middle of the court toward Aleksandr Belov, who was waiting in his offensive foul lane. Jim Forbes and Joyce were playing Belov tightly. But when the ball reached Belov, he knocked Jim Forbes to the floor, nudged Kevin Joyce out of bounds, double pumped, took one giant step toward the basket and dropped in the winning basket.

Belov could have been called for a three-second violation and for an offensive foul on the play. The basket was allowed, and a protest by the U.S. Olympic basketball committee was voted down.

Then the American players decided to refuse their silver medals. "No way could I see settling for second after what they had done to us," says Kevin Joyce, who was one of the most vocal of the U.S. players against accepting the silver medals. Most of his teammates still feel the decision was a sound one. But Doug Collins admits now that he would "like to have the medal to show my children later on."

—Larry Bortstein

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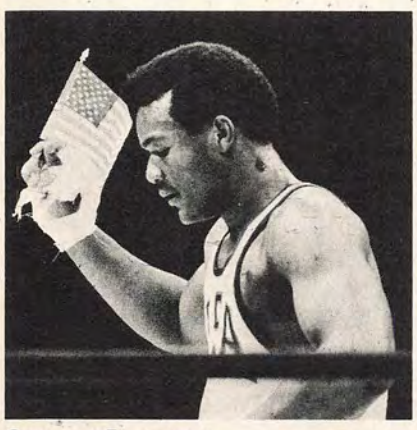

George Foreman

1. In which of these cities were the "unofficial" Olympics of 1906 held?
a. Rome
b. Paris
c. Athens

2. In the 1960 Summer Games in Rome, the host country managed to win only one gold medal. In which track-and-field event was it?
a. 100 meters
b. 200 meters
c. 1,500 meters

3. In which one of these cities have the Summer or Winter Games never been held?
a. Stockholm
b. Oslo
c. Copenhagen

4. True or False. Until the 1972 Games, the pole vault had never been won by any country except the U.S.

5. Which one of these boxers never won the heavyweight boxing crown in the Olympics?
a. George Foreman
b. Joe Frazier
c. Muhammad Ali

Joe Frazier

6. Which one of these events is *not* included in the Olympic Decathlon?
a. Discus throw
b. Hammer throw
c. Shot put

7. In which one of these cities were the first Winter Olympic Games held?
a. Chamonix, France
b. Lake Placid, N.Y.
c. St. Moritz, Switzerland

8. Match the Olympic athlete with the event he won for an unprecedented two consecutive times.

Abebe Bikila	110-meter hurdles
Glenn Davis	Marathon
Lee Calhoun	400-meter hurdles

9. Which one of these Olympic events has never been won by a person representing the U.S.S.R.?
a. Hammer throw
b. Javelin throw
c. High jump

10. Which one of these countries has never won the Olympic ice-hockey championship?
a. Great Britain
b. United States
c. Czechoslovakia

11. In which one of these events did Mark Spitz fail to win a gold medal in the 1972 Olympics?
a. 100-meter freestyle
b. 200-meter freestyle
c. 400-meter freestyle

12. Which one of these countries holds the record for the most gold medals won in the history of the Winter Olympics?
a. Norway
b. United States
c. U.S.S.R.

13. Of the following events, which one has *not* been discontinued as part of the Olympic program?
a. 200-meter hurdles
b. Triple jump
c. Steeplechase

14. Prior to Mark Spitz' seven gold medals in the 1972 Games, what was the record for the most gold medals won by one athlete in one Olympics?

Muhammad Ali

a. six
b. five
c. four

15. Which one of these countries has never won a gold medal in Winter Olympic history?
a. Japan
b. Poland
c. Denmark

16. In Summer Olympic history, which one of these events has never been won by a woman representing the United States?
a. High jump
b. Discus throw
c. Shot put

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 94

DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

THE WORLD'S FASTEST WOMAN?

WILMA RUDOLPH

While most members of the American track-and-field team were turning in dismal performances in the 1960 Olympics in Rome, a remarkable 20-year-old woman from Tennessee State University was putting on a show that the rest of the world would not soon forget. Wilma Rudolph, a five-foot-11 sprinter, ran away with three gold medals—the first American woman ever to win that much gold in one Olympics. That in itself was a stunning achievement; what made it remarkable was that ten years earlier Wilma Rudolph not only couldn't run—she could barely walk.

Wilma Rudolph was the 17th of 19 children born to Ed and Blanche Rudolph of St. Bethlehem, Tenn. She weighed four-and-a-half pounds at birth and struggled to survive her first few months. But her problems were just beginning. When she was four years old she developed double pneumonia and scarlet fever and, as a result, lost the use of her left leg. She could not walk without braces until she was 11.

Perhaps because she had been physically handicapped for so long, Wilma immersed herself in sports. She began playing basketball and, at 12, joined a team coached by Ed Temple. Temple also happened to be the track-and-field coach at Tennessee State and he persuaded Wilma to join the track team he ran as part of the school's summer program.

As a girl in her early teens, Rudolph showed as much skill on the basketball court as she did on the track field. She starred on the basketball team at Burt High School in Clarksville, Tenn., where she played both forward and guard. Her coach, Clint Gray, nicknamed her "Skeeter," because "she was always buzzing around like a mosquito." She averaged over 32 points a game and was twice an All-State performer.

In track, through her first three years in high school, Wilma was an unbeaten sprinter, which was reason enough for Ed Temple to bring her to the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne, Australia.

"Ed had a great influence on my career," says Rudolph. "He taught me the fundamentals of running and he was responsible for getting me involved in the Olympics."

Despite her promise, 16-year-old Wilma did not fare that well in the 1956 Olympics. She was eliminated in the heats of the 200-meter and only managed a bronze medal as a member of the 400-meter relay team.

Her disappointing performance only made Rudolph that much more determined as she looked toward the 1960 Olympics. She enrolled in Tennessee State in 1957 and eventually became a member of Ed Temple's illustrious Tigerbelles, considered the finest women's track team in the country. She was so intent on success that she gave up basketball to devote herself fulltime to running.

But in 1958, her first year of college track competition, she was too ill to compete. A year later, though, Wilma became the Amateur Athletic Union 100-yard champion, a title she would retain through 1962. That was only a preview of things to come in Rome.

Wilma was quietly confident at the 1960 Olympics. Her first test came in the 100-meters. "I knew I'd do well in that race," she says. "I didn't necessarily think I'd win the gold medal but I knew I'd be in the first three." She won the finals by three yards over Dorothy Hyman of Britain, with a time of 11 seconds. It was the fastest time ever posted by a woman. But because there was a strong wind the time was recognized only as an Olympic record, not a world record.

In the 200-meter finals, Wilma won even more easily—by four yards. But she turned in what was probably her most impressive performance in the 400-meter relay. Running anchor for her three teammates from Tennessee State, the American women watched their two-yard lead vanish as the result of a poor baton exchange between Barbara Jones and Wilma. But Rudolph turned on the speed and overtook a German girl to finish three yards in front. Each of her three gold medals were won in record time.

Wilma retired from competition in 1963 and today limits herself to jogging. A few years ago she helped put together a sports program for Mayor Daley's Youth Foundation in Chicago. Today, at 36, the statuesque mother of four lives with her family in Charleston, W. Va. She is often seen on the lecture circuit and is presently doing some work for the Olympic Committee. It is work she does gladly.

"I love what the Olympics stand for," says Wilma Rudolph. "For a while they were my whole life and I guess they'll always be a part of me."

—Sheryl Flatow

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While you're taking the time and trouble to get a tune-up, why not look into other engine needs?

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Go with the names you know.

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AC-DELCO DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

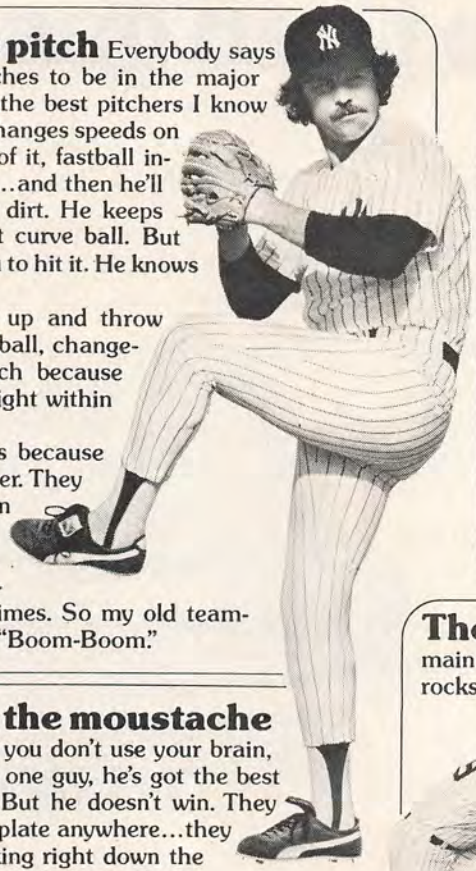
HOW TO EARN YOUR STRIPES

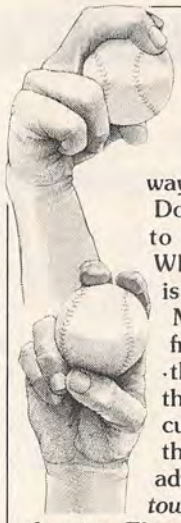
by Catfish Hunter

You only need one pitch Everybody says you need two, three, four pitches to be in the major leagues. That isn't so. One of the best pitchers I know throws nothing but fastballs. Changes speeds on it. A fast one, then a little off of it, fastball inside, then back away from you...and then he'll throw you a curve ball in the dirt. He keeps you off-stride, looking for that curve ball. But he's not going to throw it for you to hit it. He knows how to set a hitter up.

Now, me, I might mix 'em up and throw everything—fastball, breaking ball, change-up. Or just stay with one pitch because I've got it right on the corner, right within an inch of where I want it.

I give up a lot of home runs because batters know I'm a control pitcher. They know I'm not wild. They stand in there, and if you don't make the right pitch, they're gonna hit it. Ballparks shoot off fireworks after home runs most times. So my old teammates, they started calling me "Boom-Boom."





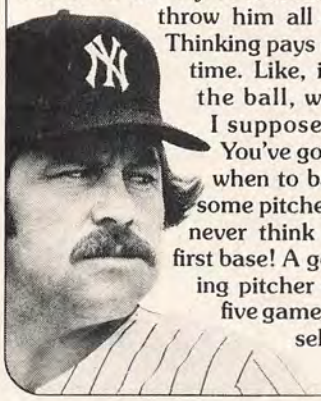
I tuck my thumb I've only seen one other pitcher hold the ball like I do. See how my thumb's tucked under? That's the way I picked up throwing.

Don't know as I'd tell everyone to hold his thumb that way. What I do tell people, though, is how to handle a curve ball.

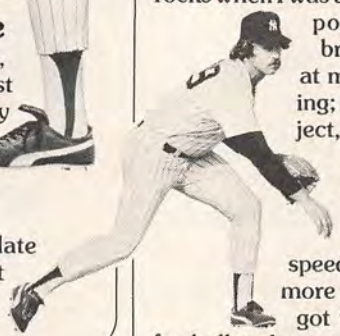
Most people, they throw it from out here to the side so they get a flat-breaking spinner that's easy to hit because it's curving on the same plane that the guy's swinging his bat. My advice is, *always turn your wrist towards your body*, like in the drawing. That way, your curve ball is going to break like it should...downwards.

Between the hat & the moustache You can have good stuff, but if you don't use your brain, you're not going to win. There's one guy, he's got the best stuff of any pitcher anywhere. But he doesn't win. They tell him, "Just get it across the plate anywhere...they can't hit it." You throw it breaking right down the middle and they're going to hit it! He's not thinking for himself.

I look to see how close the batter's standing to home plate ...things like that. If he stands away from the plate, most times he doesn't like the ball inside. If he's standing back deep, he's trying to wait on a curve ball till after it breaks. And if he's standing up front, he wants to hit the curve ball *before* it breaks, so you throw him all fastballs. Thinking pays off all the time. Like, if he hits the ball, where am I supposed to be? You've got to know when to back-up... some pitchers I know never think to cover first base! A good fielding pitcher can save five games for himself a year.



The secret of pitching I tell kids, the main thing to go for at first is accuracy. I'd pick up rocks when I was a kid and throw them at telephone poles. I'd throw corncobs at my brothers, and they were throwing at me. I wasn't just throwing at nothing; I was always throwing at an object, trying to hit it.



Once you've got your accuracy, don't throw the same speed all the time. That's the secret of pitching right there. Changing speeds. Take a little off here and a little more there...control, that's all you've got to have. It's not any good if your fastball and your curve ball's the same speed. A guy gets the time on it, he's going to hit it.

Don't cheat your feet People see the stripe on the side of my shoe, they ask me how come I wear Pumas. I tell them the truth: I think they're the best shoe that's made. I couldn't run on that synthetic turf till I got those Pumas with the little suction-cup things.

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LETTERS TO SPORT

EARLY VOTE

I hate to disappoint John "Big Mouth" Montefusco (May), but the Cy Young Award in the National League will be going to the superstar who deserved it last year, the man who lost out to Tom Seaver, San Diego's Randy Jones.

John Montefusco's season will probably equal that of NBC's "Montefusco" show—dropped after 13 weeks.

Craig Martens
Lawrence, Kan.

GRIM PROSPECT

I read your article, "Eleven Years After His Fast Ball Last Hit A Big-League Batter . . . Ryne Duren Can See Clearly At Last" (May) and it was moving, insightful, yet terribly misleading.

The description of Duren as an "ex-alcoholic" is a dangerous misconception that has been promulgated for too long. In fact, we cannot speak of the "ex-alcoholic" because alcoholism is a disease which does not leave its victims. The potential drinking problem may become a real problem at any time, regardless of the number of years since the alcoholic last indulged.

Until we adopt a sophisticated, honest approach to alcoholism, the Ryne Durens of the world will get little meaningful help in their attempts to deal effectively with the disease.

Mitch Murray
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

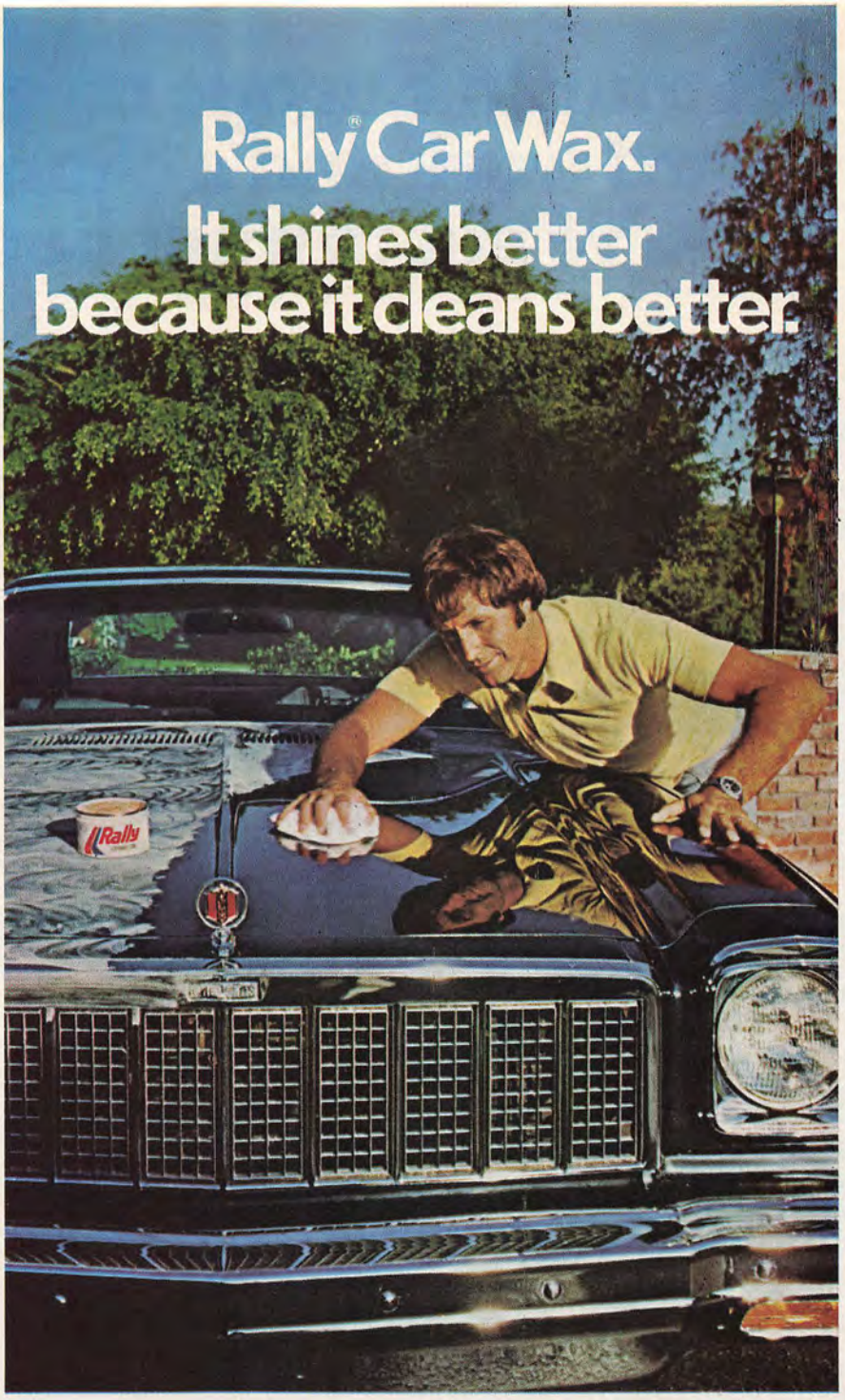
GOOD PITCHER, LOUSY PICTURE

I have subscribed to SPORT for years, and the front cover has always been pleasing to the eye until I caught sight of your May issue!

How you could take a handsome man and great pitcher like Tom Seaver and turn him into a Tim Conway look-alike is beyond me. Ugh!

Candy Crocker
Falmouth, Mass.

Letters To SPORT
641 Lexington Ave
New York, N.Y. 10022



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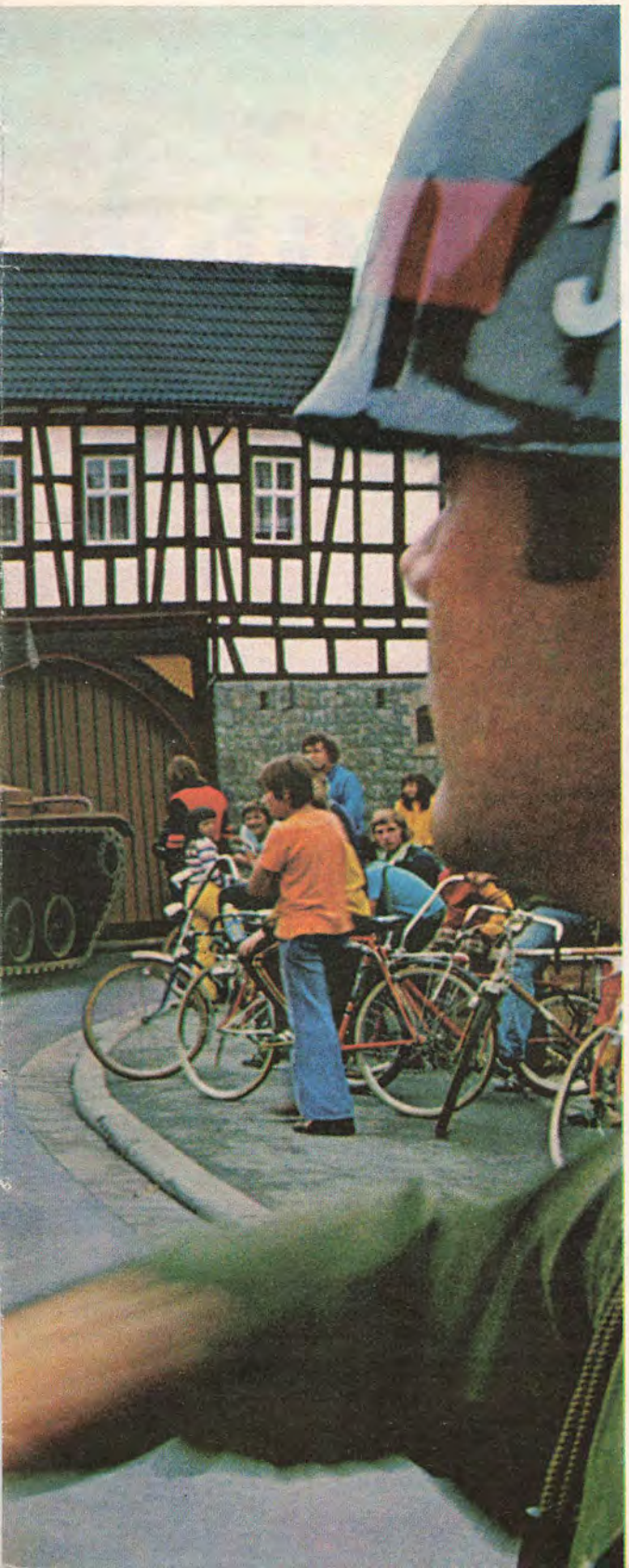
Paul Aiken is a tanker in the 3rd Armored Division in Germany. He's doing a job he wants to do, in a place he wants to be.



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PFC Paul Aiken,
3rd Armored Division,
Kirch – Göns, Germany.

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SPORT
JULY

Rx For The Olympic RENOVATE THEM

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Olympic Games are sustained by the same compound of self-dealing idealism the United Nations relies upon—and devotes a substantial amount of its time to, in order to distract attention from its deeds. If the United Nations were abolished, it is not known exactly what we would be without; i.e., we do not know how painful it would be to redevelop, in more tolerable form, that much of the UN that is useful. What makes the United Nations so obnoxious is exactly what makes the Olympic Games obnoxious: A bombastic rhetoric of idealism not only unrelated to reality, but assiduously flouted. Another way of looking at it is that there is a rough correspondence between the Soviet Union's adherence to the provisions of the UN Charter, and its adherence to the rules of the Olympic Games.

It has been fashionable ever since I became aware of the Olympic Games to say about them that they ought to be abolished, precisely because they do not foster that spirit of competitive fraternity which they were conceived to serve. Americans are pretty good losers, but when the judges at the 1972 Olympics phonied up the rules so as to hand the gold medal to the Russian basketball players, the American players refused to stand by to applaud the thievery in parade dress. It is, of course, a mistake to give a Communist anything more discretionary than a stopwatch; so maybe the basketball verdict was something of an exception. But the Communists don't, as a rule, need kept judges to win their victories. They need kept athletes, and it is as arresting to remark that the Russians and their satellites keep their athletes, as it is to remark that, at Strasbourg, they stuff their geese. What the Olympic Games have become is a contest between mostly amateur athletes (the line of division, after all, isn't clean: What do you call an amateur Italian skier who gets $100,000 a year from a ski manufacturing company, other than rich), and unambiguously professional athletes, men and women who from childhood are indentured to the sport they are lucky, or unlucky, enough to have shown a talent for when the moguls made the rounds, probing young flesh.

The trouble with U.S. withdrawal from the Olympics is that the pleasure is quite temporary. You make a splendid noise, for a brief moment the truth is illuminated . . . but what happens then? United States withdrawal from the Olympic Games, as from the United Nations, would not destroy either organization. In the case of the UN, we would extravasate our way back into international affairs as a matter of course. In the event of withdrawal from the Olympic Games, it wouldn't be so easy. Ambitious young athletes, rather than forego the opportunity to compete, might fob themselves off as Canadians; or, in protest against an anniversary of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, one or two might go off to Sweden, in time to join the team there. But most Americans would be effectively cut off from the opportunity to compete in organized inter-

Continued on page 22

Games ELIMINATE THEM

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

Early in 1936, Avery Brundage, head of the United States Olympic Committee, and a man of no visible handicaps, arrived in Berlin to check on German preparations for the Olympic Games, to be held that August; at this time the Germans always were preparing for something. Field artillery is not an Olympic event, therefore Brundage ignored the great German interest in large guns. The Jews who were being clubbed and herded off the streets obviously were not going to be in shape for the 400 meters so they, too, were passed by. What captured Brundage's attention was the physical appearance of the 130-acre Olympic village: Brick stucco buildings which were clearly better than any housing ever built for Olympic athletes. German attention to detail impressed Brundage, just as a couple of years later it was to impress many others. In the nearly completed Olympic housing area there was a man with a large watch hanging from his neck who was directing busses on practice runs to and from the site of the Games, the sprawling Reichssportfeld.

Arriving back in New York, Brundage told a reporter for the New York *World Telegram,* "Hitler is doing an excellent, painstaking job. My impression is that Hitler wants everything to be in a state of readiness."

There was in New York at this time a movement to keep the United States team out of the Berlin show—the theory being that Hitler might be getting ready for something more than the 50,000-meter walk. Of this New York group, Brundage snarled: "All these people are part of a Communist plot to wreck the Olympic Games by slander and innuendo against the host nation and its leader."

So on went the 1936 Games. It is part of the American fable that mankind was advanced that year by Jesse Owens of Ohio, his feet winning four gold medals and, at the same time, trampling on Hitler. The reality is that with the aid of such as Leni Riefenstahl, the great documentary maker, the 1936 Games were a major propaganda victory for Hitler's Ethnic Purity civic association.

For a nation which is supposed to worship the gods of success, America has extreme reluctance to penalize clear failure by an established person. Avery Brundage not only was retained as head of our Olympic Committee, but he was to grow in power and esteem among the managers of amateur sports—we send at least a couple of officials for every athlete to the Games—and become synonymous with our Olympic activities. If anything were to happen to our role in the Olympics, the major loss would be not to the nation's athletes, but to the massive body of officials.

Brundage was in Munich in 1972, and here were these pitiless killers standing in front of a building in the Olympic Village, and they were wearing masks and carrying machine guns, making demands on television, while the bodies of young Israeli men lay dead inside the building.

In a large trailer used as a control room by the American Broad-

RENOVATE THEM

CONTINUED

national events, and it is clear from their general enthusiasm for competition that they would rather compete with professionals than not compete at all. That being the case, it comes down to whether the United States, through the action of a collectivity (the U.S. Olympic Committee) should exercise its will at the expense of American athletes. When in doubt, vote against collective authority.

What is needed isn't the liquidation of the Games, but an effort to establish parity. The romantic ideal of a competition between genuine amateurs isn't itself anachronized. It is simply unworkable: Rather like keeping boys and girls out of each others' rooms at colleges. There is a lot to be said for the ideal, but it doesn't work, which isn't sufficient reason to abolish co-education.

The United States, recognizing that the Soviet Union and other cheaters cannot be induced to abide by the stipulated standards, should itself abandon those standards. Now here the U.S. Olympic Committee faces difficulties that arise out of a bourgeois disinclination to preach one thing while practicing another more or less in full view of Walter Cronkite. It would therefore be appropriate to come up with a transitional formula, and it isn't, really, all that hard. The U.S. Committee should simply resolve that the question of what is and what is not permissible to an amateur has become so confused that from now on the Committee is leaving the matter to the conscience of individual competitors, and that in order to give these young people a guide as to the criteria being observed abroad, the U.S. Committee will sponsor the publication of detailed biographies of selected gold medal winners from the last two Olympic Games. To judge from Senator Church's investigations, we can assume that the CIA has kept detailed records on Soviet athletes since their early adolescence.

The U.S. Olympic Committee, in other words, would adopt a position very fashionable in the world of philosophy, namely that meanings are best understood by reasoning a *posteriori* from the particular to the general. If Ivan, beginning at age seven spent 11 months a year on cross-country skis getting free lollipops and an indoor toilet for his parents, and Ivan is, by Soviet stipulation, an amateur, then young Billy, receiving his perks, *mutatis mutandis*, is also an amateur.

Beyond this, there is something the United States could do on its own, if necessary. The Olympic

ELIMINATE THEM

CONTINUED

casting Company, banks of monitors, 15 or 20 of them, showed a killer as he made his demands. There were two monitors which did not carry this face. These were picking up from two cameras which, blank-minded, dutiful, covered a boxing match and a women's volleyball game which went on while the Israelis met death. All the years of all of Avery Brundage and all he meant had come together when he shrieked, "The Olympic Games must go on!"

The Olympic Games should have been buried right then. Frolic probably is the one most important thing humans can avail themselves of, and when frolic spills over into real life, then frolic has gone too far and must be pushed back, for the danger is that all of frolic can dissolve, as it must always when contaminated by real life, and then we have nothing. I have decided that there is nothing but joy in great sports events that command the attention of an entire nation.

For some time the Super Bowl—imitating religion to the point of using Roman numerals—seemed offensive. But as the years go by people have become accustomed to the planned hysteria of the sport's officials and the false tension of the television announcers. And now it is plain that the Super Bowl is real only in the minds of the television time salesmen. So let it get bigger and noisier and more fraudulent; it is gone by nightfall. Take, too, the sixth game of the World Series between the Boston Red Sox and Cincinnati Reds last year. People carry their memories of that game in the deep, private places where old love affairs are held. Bernie Carbo's brazen home run had nothing to do with daily life, and no one who saw this particular hit, and the rest of the incredible game, will ever allow it to be so. Similarly, the nation stops for two minutes and four or five seconds on the first Saturday of each May to watch three-year-old horses race a mile and a quarter in the Kentucky Derby. The moment the winner is under the wire, the moment is gone. Which is what sports is all about. Great moments; moments only.

The times in this country when sports became something else, when it became mixed with life, always required wisdom to correct the damage. West Point and Notre Dame once played in perhaps the most emotional game of the college football season. And then people began writing mail about Catholics and Protestants and, quickly and wisely, somebody took a pencil and

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RENOVATE THEM

CONTINUED

Games have distinctive excitement by giving us, every four years, fresh faces. Or, at most, every eight years. The world is prepared to lionize Muhammad Ali for as long as we have lionized Marlene Dietrich; but as for the Mark Spitzes, once is quite enough. Moreover, ambitious athletes must know if they are to exert themselves that there is a place for them in the sun, which must not become the tenured domain of incorrigibly successful athletes who will feel no need to go into professional competition now that commercial distinctions between the two activities are effectively erased. For that reason America should not sponsor anyone in the Olympic Games over the age of, say, 24. The Games, in other words, would be contests to establish who in the world is the best skier or skater or long-distance runner 24 years of age or younger. In some sports, by the time you are 25 you are also physically senile, and these folk are unaffected. But in others, there are those who hit better at 28 than at 24; let them compete elsewhere.

The international competitions give a great deal of pleasure to many people, not merely to the competitors. What galls is the inequities and hypocrisy. The best way to combat inequity is to put as much lead in your glove as the other fellow. And hypocrisy? Why, let us simply say goodnaturedly that, for the purpose of the Olympics, we will accept the revised meaning of the term amateur. Call it detente, if you like. Then, in 1980, let's beat the crap out of them. ■

ELIMINATE THEM

CONTINUED

ran it through the schedules of both teams and the game was no more. In the 1950s, it was discovered that the great basketball team of the City College of New York was becoming adept at making foul shots bounce *off* the rim. The City team immediately was taken out of large arenas, put back into the school gym and told to content itself with a minor schedule.

The Olympics for this country lost the pleasure of the moment and came into the vortex of international mistrust many years ago. We were simply too dumb to know it. Each year we protested when the Russians used their athletic achievement as testimonials to ideology. And all the while the United States counted and boasted of gold medals as if adding up convention delegates. The end was not in sight; it was at hand: Here came the murderers with machine guns. And now you do not have a sporting event anymore; you have a flatbed soundtruck for the selfish interests of any group in the world.

So you withdraw. You don't withdraw out of fear. Terrorists are people you build new jails to hold. But you withdraw because this marvelous, fragile pleasure—a great sports event—now is part of the dismal real world. This we cannot tolerate. Pull it back. Let life destroy what is real. But protect always the joy, the illusion, the unreal. Leave the Olympics to the political education officers and the stone killers. Stay home and make, say, the Drake Relays a far more gaudy event than it is now. ■

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WHO IS BRUCE JENNER... AND WHY IS HE THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE?

BY RALPH BARBIERI

At the National Amatuer Athletic Union meet in 1975, Bruce Jenner was leading in the decathlon competition until he got to the pole-vault event. Suddenly he had a problem with his steps. He couldn't get them right on his approach run. He literally never got off the ground, and, no matter how he tried, he couldn't figure out why. He not only blew the pole vault, he blew the decathlon and blew his cool.

"I ran through the pit, yelled a curse as loud as I could right on national TV," recalls Jenner, "then I winged my pole as far as I could and just kept running. I ran over and picked up my stuff, ran out of the stadium, ran way out through a field, sat down under a clump of trees and just cried my eyes out. It was the only time I have *ever* lost control in a meet."

That was also the only time—in 13 meets in the last three years—that Bruce Jenner lost a decathlon. The decathlon is, of course, so physically and emotionally demanding a competition that it must be spread over two days. The first day's events are the 100-meter race, the long jump, the shot put, the high jump and the 400-meter race. The second day begins with the 110-meter hurdles, followed by the discus, the pole vault, the javelin and the 1,500-meter race. The man who wins the decathlon in the Olympic Games is considered to be The World's Greatest Athlete, at least until someone surpasses his point-total in the competition. In the 1972 Olympics Russia's Nikolai Avilov earned that title and a gold medal by piling up a world-record 8,454 points in the decathlon. But he is no longer called The World's Greatest Athlete.

Bruce Jenner is. For one month after he blew his equilibrium in that National AAU meet—in the U.S.-U.S.S.R.-Poland Team Decathlon Meet at Eugene, Ore., in August, 1975—Jenner set a world record of 8,524 points. Fred Dixon of the

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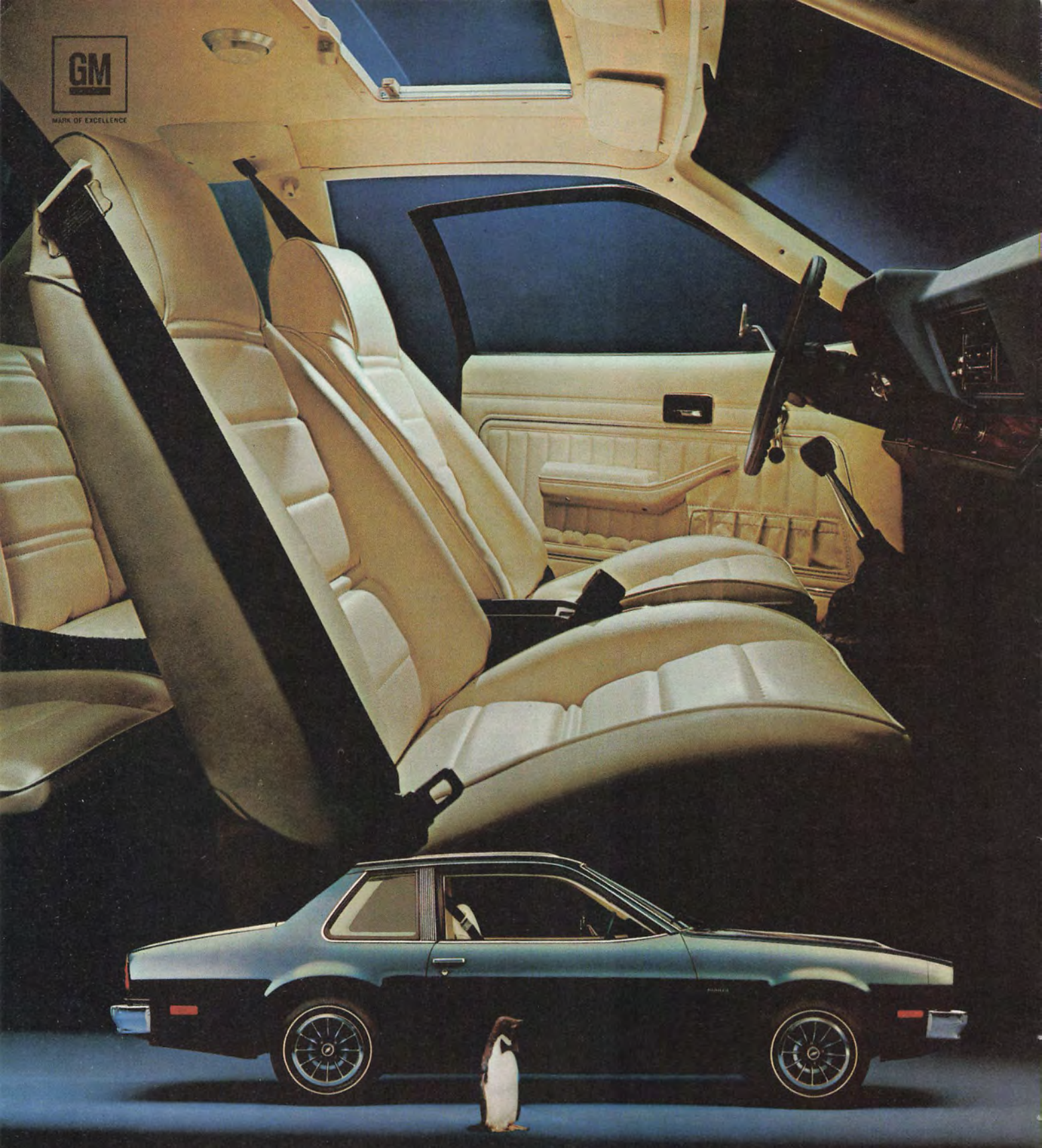

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Chevrolet

BRUCE JENNER

CONTINUED

U.S. finished second with 8,277 points, while Avilov could do no better than third with 8,211 points.

"I like to think of myself as a par golfer," Jenner says. "I don't have a weak event and I have no exceptionally strong one. People don't really notice me. But when they add up the points—I'm there."

The 26-year-old, six-foot-two, 195-pound Jenner is expected to be there at the top of the point standings at the Montreal Olympics. If he is, American sports fans—the majority of whom have neither seen nor heard of Bruce Jenner—will doubtless be bombarded on television and in the print media by Jenner's devastatingly handsome presence selling us things. If Mark Spitz could sell us wrist watches, Jenner should be able to make us run out and purchase hour glasses and sun dials by the gross. Jenner has straight, chestnut-brown hair that never appears to be out of place, a perfectly chiseled nose, sparkling brown eyes and a smile revealing teeth so mirror-bright that they seem capable—the sun striking them at the right angle on a dry-grass field—of producing brush fires.

Jenner was not an exceptional athlete in high school. He spent most of his youth in Westchester County, N.Y. Then his family moved to Sandy Hook, Conn., to pursue their water-skiing enthusiasms and Bruce went on to win the East Coast overall championship three times. He was a pretty fair pole vaulter and high jumper and a capable football player in high school. The best college offer he received was a $250-a-year football scholarship from Graceland College in Lamoni, Iowa.

"I didn't know that Graceland was a church school until I got there," Jenner says. "There was no smoking or drinking on campus and they had never held a dance there until the year I arrived. But I met a lot of good people at Graceland."

Among them was a pretty co-ed named Chrystie, whom he married a few years later. He also met Graceland's elderly track coach, L.D. Weldon, a man who had turned out a number of capable decathlon competitors over the years.

Jenner competed in his first decathlon at the 1970 Drake Relays, during his sophomore year at Graceland. He finished sixth, set a school record of 6,991 points, and got "such a kick out of it," that he decided that he would concentrate on nothing else from then on.

Because most of Jenner's better events occur on the second day of competition, he always appears to be coming from behind to overtake the pack. He usually wins the 1,500 meters, possibly his strongest event.

Jenner entered the 1972 Olympic Trials at Eugene, Ore., as a virtual unknown. At the end of seven events, he was tenth in a field of 21.

Jenner competing in the U.S.-U.S.S.R.-Poland Team Decathlon Meet in August, 1975—when he set the new world record.

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BRUCE JENNER

CONTINUED

Only the top three would go to Munich. Solid performances in the pole vault and javelin moved him up to fifth—which psyched him. And when that happens to Bruce Jenner, there is probably no more intense competitor in all of sports.

"I've never had an experience like that before in my life!" Jenner recalls. "When it hit me that I actually had a chance to make the team, I jumped up and yelled, 'I can do it!' I was pumped! A mile high! I went totally crazy! I started to hyperventilate, and my heartbeat shot up to about one-eighty. The trainer was trying to calm me down, and I was sitting on the training table crying, I was so excited. I had completely lost the feeling in my hands. I thought, 'Oh my God, Jenner, you're falling apart!'

"Steve Gough was in third place, and I figured out that, to beat him, I'd have to run the fifteen hundred eighteen seconds faster than he did. My best time was only fifteen seconds faster than his, but I knew that I had a chance."

He ran the 1,500 in 4:16—eight seconds faster than he had ever run the distance before, annihilating Gough and scoring a personal best of 7,846 points.

"Even if I win the gold in Montreal," Jenner says, "I really believe that that'll be the greatest thrill that I ever have in track and field. Nobody expected me to do it—*I* didn't expect to do it."

He made the 1972 Olympic team, but finished tenth at Munich, scoring 7,722 points.

In May of 1973, Jenner moved to San Jose, Calif., so that he could train with the world-class athletes

Jenner strained to win the 1,500-meter race in last October's Pan-Am Games and edged Fred Dixon in the decathlon.

who lived in that area. He soon began his winning streak—marred only by that one loss—that culminated in his record-setting performance in August of 1975.

"I don't think the full impact of breaking the world record really hit Bruce for a day or two," Chrystie Jenner says. "For the next couple of nights he kept waking me up saying, 'Congratulations, Chrystie,' and kissing me. I guess he did it because he figured he couldn't congratulate himself."

Some observers felt the record was tainted because the electric timing device broke down. Stopwatch-clocked races always result in faster times and, therefore, higher scores.

"I knew that I would break the record before the competition began," Jenner says. "If the meet hadn't been hand-timed, I might not have broken it by seventy points. But knowing that I was that close to the world mark, I would have gotten it."

"Bruce's biggest asset," says decathlete Fred Dixon, "is his mental attitude, his determination. That's what enables him to operate as close to his maximum potential as any athlete I've ever seen."

"Once I get to a meet," says Jenner, "the physical work is done. I wouldn't be there unless I was in good enough shape to win. From thereon in, I have to concern myself with the mental pressures of the competition. If I do poorly in an event, I have to forget it immediately, and, likewise, I can't allow myself to think ahead. Essentially, it's singleness of purpose."

Though Jenner lets nothing upset him during a meet, he gets so intense and on edge *before* a competition "that anything I see as a distraction," he admits, "will bug the hell out of me." That was graphically illustrated by Jenner's almost unbelievable reaction to the slaying of the 11 Israeli athletes by Arab terrorists during the 1972 Olympics.

Even today, four years later, Jenner says, "It bothered me about the athletes [being killed], because I felt sorry for them and their families

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BRUCE JENNER

CONTINUED

. . . but it mostly effected me by pissing me off. I was there to run . . . and these guys [the terrorists] were in there messing up *my* Olympics. I train my butt off, and here's some guys from some Arab country that come over there and start shooting athletes up."

"Plus," adds Chrystie, who was in Munich, "the blow-up itself was just before Bruce's day to compete. So here he is, mentally prepared for that day, only to find out that he wouldn't be competing, but would have to go to a funeral. I know that sounds cold and heartless, and for a couple of years, when reporters would ask Bruce about it, he was afraid to say that it bugged him."

Chrystie is a very candid, free-thinking young feminist. And she is the first to admit that being Mrs. Jenner isn't always easy.

"Sometimes, before meets, when Bruce goes into his never-never land, he can be rude and moody, and he just won't want me around. That can be awfully hard to accept. It's also hard to accept a lot of the financial sacrifices we have to make.

"With all his training, Bruce can only work [selling insurance] a couple of hours a day, and he always has to be sure that he's not doing anything to jeopardize his amateur status. Good old Avery Brundage, I bet he was talking about upholding the amateur code with his dying breath. And I can't really make a change right now either, even though God knows I'd like to try something more intellectually challenging than being an airline stewardess. Bruce and I *did* decide some time ago that our most important goal was an Olympic gold medal, but there are times when it doesn't seem like I'm getting my share out of what is supposed to be a fifty-fifty relationship."

Sessions with an analyst a little over a year ago helped Chrystie decide to resign herself to her conflicting interests. Bruce acknowledges that there is no way he could have accomplished so much without her support. In fact, the first words he uttered after breaking the world record were: "*We* did it, Chrystie."

But does Jenner believe that being the world-record holder in the decathlon, makes him the world's greatest athlete?

"Well, obviously O.J. Simpson is a better football player than I am, and Johnny Miller is a better golfer, and so on," Jenner says. "But if you take the decathlon apart, you find that you have to be able to run a fast short race, a fast long race and an endurance race. You also have to be able to jump and throw with strength and finesse. You have to be able to do a little of everything that you would expect a good athlete to be able to do. From that standpoint,

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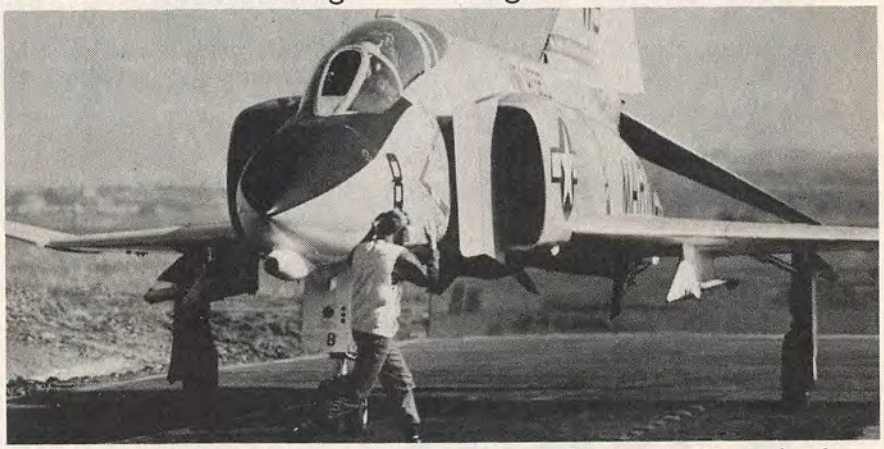

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BRUCE JENNER

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I do believe that it is the best all-around test of a person's athletic ability.

"So, I guess you could say that the decathlon world-record holder is the world's best all-around athlete. But when it dawns on me that I'm that guy—little old me—I start to think, 'Hey, I'm the same guy I was years ago; I've just scored a few more points.' But I like recognition. I think any athlete does. And if, because I've put so many hours of training into the decathlon, I get to be recognized as 'the world's greatest athlete,' I'll try to be humble about it, but I don't really want to shy away from it."

Jenner usually trains six to seven hours a day. Chrystie says his training is not confined to the field: "He's working on his technique constantly. At the grocery store or at the bank, he's going through the motions of throwing the discus, or he's lifting his leg like he's hurdling. I'm sure people think he's crazy."

When Jenner isn't training for the Olympics, he's talking about them. Much of that talk is critical of the officials who govern amateur athletics.

"I get used constantly," Jenner says. "The Olympic Committee, for one, uses the heck out of athletes. I go around making films that are used to get contributions for them. I can't collect a nickel, but the Committee members travel all over the world on expenses. In Europe, they want the athlete and the country to do well, and if it means giving the athlete some money, they give it to 'em. Here, they're only interested in upholding some archaic, idealistic amateur code."

"I like to think of myself as a par golfer," Bruce says. "I don't have a weak event and I have no exceptionally strong one."

Marilyn King, a talented pentathlete, says, "Bruce and I are very good friends, but Bruce's concern with the Olympic Committee is limited to how it effects *his* training and *his* performance. I'm interested in how the Committee will effect the future of other amateur athletes. Bruce is in a position to help make changes, but he won't—because he's looking out for himself."

Last January there was a photo of Jenner in the San Francisco *Examiner* and a caption that read: "Bruce Jenner and his toothpaste ad smile." In the accompanying story,

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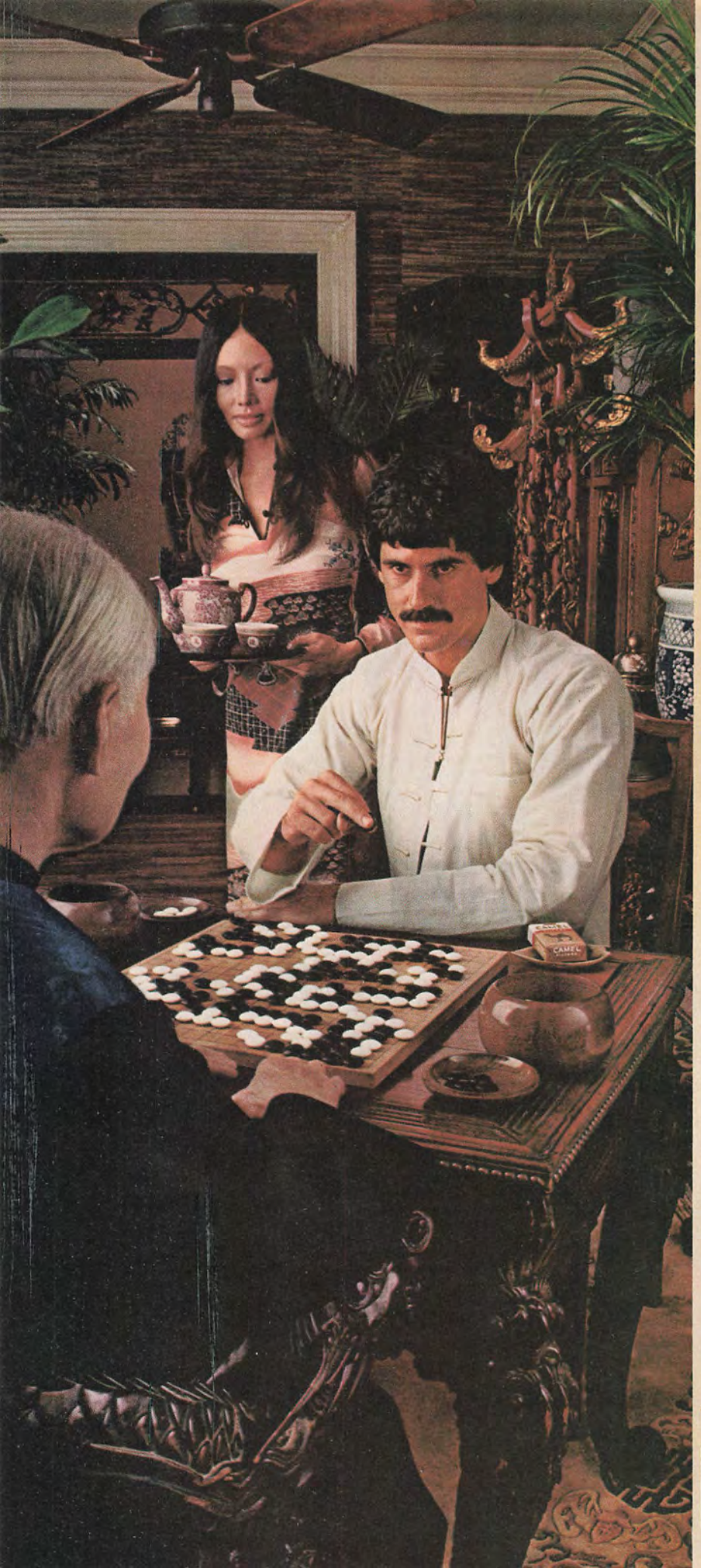

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BRUCE JENNER

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Jenner was quoted as saying, "When I first started, I wasn't in it for the money, but now . . . I can see the financial reward if I win the gold. If I do . . . I'd be set for the rest of my life . . . it's on my mind more than ever before. When they hand you the gold medal, it doesn't give you a blasted thing, but it makes you a marketable item. You take the medal and see what it can do . . . I run for Bruce Jenner. I guess it's an honor to run for your country, but I run for myself . . . I am the one who sacrificed, not the country."

Jenner, still annoyed, now says, "Yah, I said that, but I said a lot of other things, too. That guy just printed what he wanted to hear."

Actually, Jenner says, there are a number of other reasons why he holds the gold medal in such high esteem: "Just making the Olympic team makes you a member of a very select, elite group. The odds of winning a gold medal are astronomical. If you do, it means that you are the best in the world, at least on that particular day."

Experts feel the Olympic gold medal will go to one of two men. In the words of Stanford track coach Payton Jordan: "You could flip a coin between Jenner and Avilov."

Jenner himself feels that Dixon has more pure physical talent than anyone and should be touted as highly as Avilov, with three or four others also having a fighting chance. "I think that I have about a fifty-fifty chance of winning," Jenner says, "which I think is a pretty good chance, considering it's me against the rest of the field, the pressure of the Olympics, and all of the other variables involved." ■

"Bruce and I decided some time ago that our most important goal was an Olympic gold medal," says Chrystie Jenner, right.

THE TEENAGER WHO'S RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE

BY TOM MURRAY

The Fleming Sawmill Company sits on the banks of the Yellow River in Milligan, a sparsely populated community in northwestern Florida. For as long as Houston McTear can remember, the relentless, high-pitched whine of that sawmill has been tormenting his ears from dawn till dusk. The mill lies a scant 200 yards from the squalid, wooden shack where McTear lives with his parents and his seven brothers and sisters. For 20 years, his father, Eddie McTear, worked at the mill 65 hours a week, driving a forklift, loading and unloading lumber for $400 a month. But Eddie McTear has not been at the mill since January, when his blood pressure shot up so high it caused a cerebral hemorrhage.

Now, Eddie stays quietly at home, waiting for his blood pressure to return to normal so he can go back to work and start paying the $5,000 hospital bill he owes. The family lives on a monthly allowance of $300 worth of food stamps—a dollar's worth of food per person each day. A visitor observed that a recent evening meal for one of Houston's little sisters consisted of a heap of cornflakes in a small, plastic margarine container. The family sleeps two to a bed and the front yard is littered with old, battered easy chairs and rusty skeletons of ancient cars. Every time it rains heavily, the Yellow River floods and covers the floor of the McTear home with up to eight inches of murky, brown water, sending the family out to live with friends until it abates.

Houston McTear was sitting on

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RUNNING
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the steps of the crumbling porch in front of his home not long ago, gazing at the huge plume of smoke gushing from the sawmill's chimney, the high-pitched whine underscoring his words.

"I hate it over there," he said softly as he fingered the gold ring in his left ear. "You must be jivin' if you think I'm ever gonna work over there. That's why I'm runnin'; gotta keep gettin' faster, gotta get us out of this place."

Getting himself and his family away from the whine of the sawmill was an obsession with 19-year-old Houston McTear as he thought about his role in the upcoming Summer Olympic Games in Montreal. He was possessed by the prospect of having to spend the rest of his life in that mill, of following in the footsteps of his father and most of his neighbors in Milligan. That prospect is the driving force behind what makes this powerfully built, five-foot-seven, 165-pound senior from Baker High School run—usually faster than anyone else in the world. Not articulate and painfully reticent around people with whom he isn't familiar, McTear expresses himself primarily on the track. His running is what enables him to decorate his destitute home with trophies and medals, the only glimmer of luxury in the house. His running is what makes him a leading contender to represent the United States in the 100- and 200-meter sprints in Montreal this summer. If he earns a place on the track-and-field team, he'll be the first high-school athlete to do so since 1968. If he wins the Olympic sprints, which Russia's Valery Borzov swept in the 1972 Games, he'll be the first high-school athlete to take both events since Canada's Percy Williams did so in 1928. "The only thing that can keep Houston from winning," says Will Willoughby, McTear's coach, "is if he breaks a leg."

Running has been as much a part of Houston McTear's life as the unremitting cry of the sawmill and the clattering of the Louisville & Nashville freight cars which pass on tracks adjacent to his home. As a little boy, Houston ran alongside the trains, racing them as they delivered logs to the mill. The trains never beat Houston.

He first realized he was faster than all of his playmates during a seventh-grade physical education class. "We was runnin' relays for fun," he recalls with a smile, "and they was all tryin' to beat me. Couldn't nobody out there beat me, though."

Wearing a pair of jeans, sneakers and without benefit of starting blocks, McTear ran his first competitive 100-yard race in the eighth grade, and won it convincingly in 9.8 seconds. The next year, as a freshman at Baker, Houston acquired a pair of shorts, track shoes and starting blocks and ran a 9.7. As a tenth grader, he ran a 9.4 100, setting a national record for sophomores that still stands. Then, on May 9, 1975, in the most amazing display of his talents so far, McTear equalled Ivory Crockett's world record for the distance in 9.0 seconds. "He threw his hands up two strides before he hit the tape," says Willoughby. "Otherwise he could have run an eight-nine or an eight-eight."

McTear's performance has not endeared him to the 27-year-old Crockett, who had broken Bob Hayes' 11-year-old 9.1 record in May, 1974, and was able to call himself the fastest man alive for only a year. "I don't see what all the fuss is about," says Crockett, who, like Houston, is an Olympic sprints aspirant. "He's nineteen and he's fast and he's in high school. So what! When I was nineteen, I was fast and I was in college."

In four years of high-school competition, McTear is undefeated. "It's ridiculous," says Willoughby. "There's no *way* Houston should be running high-school meets. In a hundred-yard dash he could fall down against some of those kids and still win." One particular rival, Casey Thomas, the Alabama high-school champion in 1975, delighted in predicting that he would destroy McTear when they raced. They finally did so, and Houston pulled way ahead. Abruptly he decelerated until Thomas drew even with him, then McTear yelled, "C'mon,

"The only thing that can keep Houston from winning at Montreal," says his coach, Will Willoughby, at left, "is if he breaks a leg." But among the sprinters who disagree are Steve Williams (at right), Valery Borzov and Ivory Crockett.

man, let's run!" McTear won by five yards.

Although much of the reason behind McTear's mercurial rise in track can be attributed to what Willoughby calls Houston's "God-given, natural talent to run," credit is also due the coach himself. A hulking, blond-haired, former football player from Mississippi Southern College, Willoughby chain-smokes Winstons, doesn't mind "a pop or two now and then," and has devoted a great deal of his time the last five years to Houston—on and off the track. In the absence of Eddie McTear, it is Willoughby who gives Houston whatever spending money the teenager has. It is Willoughby who arranges for doctor appointments and travels with Houston wherever he goes. And it was to Willoughby's house that McTear went with tears streaming down his cheeks to ask for help when his father got out of the hospital. "Words were not necessary," Willoughby recalls. "Houston and I are very close. I could see in his eyes what was the matter, so I helped him out." Will immediately lent Houston some money, notified the local papers of the plight of the McTears, and the publicity drew donations from sympathetic people throughout the country. The money went into a trust fund that Willoughby set up at a nearby bank, which has been providing the family with about $100 a week since January. "Somebody had to do something," Will says. "I look at that situation and I get a sick feeling. I don't worry about Houston, but . . . hell, those little kids would starve otherwise."

Willoughby is just as self-effacing when it comes to discussing the role he's played in Houston's career. "Let's face it," says Will, "Houston's a very special person, a natural world-class athlete. You can't make a race horse out of a plow mule."

Nevertheless, Willoughby's emergence as a knowledgeable, imaginative track coach is almost as impressive as his star pupil's progress into the limelight. Willoughby came to Baker High five years ago as the football coach and was asked to start a track team, though he knew nothing about it. But he accepted the challenge, immersed himself in track manuals and attended coaches' conferences to gain insights into the sport. He was soon devising ingenious ideas of his own. When Houston was having trouble getting off to a quick start, for instance, Willoughby saw that instead of driving his front arm back as he sprang from the blocks, McTear was bringing the arm straight up and thus depriving himself of the thrust that is imperative for an explosive start. The Willoughby solution, although rather primitive, was amazingly effective. "I hold a bottle or a rock about two feet above Houston's right hand," says Will. "If he comes out wrong, his hand'll get hit . . . and it hurts like hell. Now, nobody's gonna beat him coming out of the blocks."

The most amazing thing about McTear's training is that it takes place, not on a track, but on a rock-strewn public road adjacent to the high school. While the school is in the process of constructing a track, Houston and his teammates share the bumpy road with cars. "But they usually stop for us," says Will.

In order for Houston to be sufficiently tested in 100-yard dash workouts, Willoughby lines up a 9.7 sprinter several yards ahead of Houston and blows a whistle. "If someone is ahead of him," says Will, "Houston'll run much harder." To train for the 220-yard-dash, Will sends Houston over to Baker's football field, where he sprints from one end zone to the other, grabbing the goal post at each end and swinging himself around. "It's about two-hundred-and-twenty yards," says Will, "and we do that so he doesn't have to come to a complete stop."

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RUNNING

CONTINUED

fortable, but it prepared McTear for Baker's next 880-relay race. "When Houston got the baton," Willoughby recalls, "he knew that he had to win the race to win the meet. He was in last place, about seventeen yards back. Four or five coaches timed him, and he ran about two-hundred-and-twenty-six yards in eighteen point seven seconds—which has gotta be *way* below the world record for that distance. If he ever runs the hundred-yard dash that hard . . . I'd swear he'd run about an eight-five."

Due to his spectacular performances in high-school meets throughout the southeast, McTear began receiving invitations to compete against faster and more experienced opponents like Crockett, Steve Williams and Steve Riddick—all U.S. Olympic team contenders. Anxious to compare himself against these sprinters, McTear started traveling the indoor track circuit early in 1975 and leading what was for him a Cinderella-like existence on weekends. He'd leave his poverty-stricken environment behind for two days and fly first class to places he'd only heard of and never dreamed of seeing—Bermuda, Jamaica, Toronto, Los Angeles and New York. He stayed in comfortable hotels and ate well-balanced meals. The expenses were picked up by the Okaloosa County school system until Houston became well enough known for the promoters to pay the tab.

The first time McTear ever even *saw* an indoor track was at College Park, Md., in 1975, when he ran 60 yards in 5.9 seconds, one-tenth of a second off the world record. In Los Angeles earlier this year, Houston won the 50-yard dash in 5.1 seconds, defeating Borzov by five feet—in the world of sprinters, a matter of miles. After the race, Borzov called McTear "the best in the short sprints in the United States" and added that he saw no reason why McTear couldn't enjoy similar success in longer sprints. Later that same night, McTear ran a 6.0 60 against Don Quarrie, the 1975 National Collegiate Athletic Association champion in the 100 and 200 meters. McTear won by four feet.

A few weeks later, McTear relaxed in a cheerless New York City hotel room prior to the prestigious Millrose Games at Madison Square Garden. At a time when most athletes are pensive, their stomachs churning in anticipation of an imminent challenge, McTear propped himself up on three flimsy pillows and amused himself with a metal noisemaker he calls his "popper" before devouring a Big Mac, a vanilla milk shake and two candy bars. "This stuff don't give me no special energy or nothin' like that," he muttered between bites. "I just likes the taste." It was suggested to Willoughby that the meal was not ideal for a sprinter. The coach nodded and said, "Houston still runs pretty fast, though."

Two hours later, before a mesmerized, sell-out crowd of 18,142, McTear ran the 60 in 5.9 seconds, destroying a field which included such former NCAA or Amateur Athletic Union champions as Cliff Outlin, Hasley Crawford, Steve Riddick and Dr. Delano Meriwether.

While the crowds loved watching the teenaged McTear win every indoor race he ran in 1976, it was apparent that a few of his opponents did not appreciate the success and attention McTear was enjoying. "He's got something down perfect with the judges," said one rival after losing to McTear. "There's a very thin line between a good start and a false start. When the starter yells 'set,' you're supposed to be still, but Houston's already rolling forward. Until some judge has the guts to call it, he'll keep getting away with it."

Steve Williams, another leading Olympic-sprint contender, chose a more direct "psyching" approach.

Williams had the fastest 200-meter time by an American in 1975 (20.16 seconds) and last year tied a world record when he defeated McTear in the 100 meters (9.9 seconds). "I'm the only guy in the world who can catch and beat him," says Williams, who has run more 9.9s (four) than any other sprinter. "There isn't a more consistent sprinter in the world than me. He loses ground the longer he runs, and I get faster."

Time will tell whether Williams is as effective with his mouth as he is with his feet, just as it will tell what exactly is in store for Houston McTear these next few months. His future, seemingly secure last December when he signed an agreement to play football for the University of Florida, is now questionable. "I think he's way too small for college ball," Willoughby says of McTear, who gained 1,380 yards in 96 carries as a junior running back before abandoning the sport to concentrate on the Olympics. "If I was the defensive-back coach of a team that was going against him, I'd tell 'em to try and kill him just to get him out of the game. And that would end his career in football *and* track, 'cause all he's got going for him right now are his legs."

McTear has never been all that interested in college, anyway, and unless his grades improve he won't qualify for a grant-in-aid. He is having trouble attaining a 2.0 (C) average in the classroom, perhaps because he has been known to skip more than his share of school days. On hearing of McTear's decision to attend Florida, one Baker teacher said, "If he won't go to high school, how's he going to go to college?"

When asked if Houston would graduate, another teacher said, "He's got to pass everything, and right now it's a race that's a helluva lot closer than any he's ever run in."

Perhaps confused and discouraged by the controversy swirling around him, McTear announced late in the spring that, "I don't guess school is fit for me. It scares me. I don't want to go to college. I want to be running pro track in September." But Willoughby immediately qualified the statement by saying, "The only thing Houston's concentrating on right now is the Olympics. When they're over, we'll sit down and decide what he's going to do. One thing's for *damn* sure, though, he's gotta have something to fall back on . . . he's not gonna be running nine-flat hundreds his whole life."

McTear has come close to sacrificing his future for glory at Montreal. Time will tell whether the gamble was worth it.

But right now, Houston McTear's whole life *is* the Olympic Games and he has come perilously close to sacrificing his education and a potential college scholarship for a once-in-a-lifetime shot at stardom in Montreal. If he succeeds and fulfills the promise that so many people hold for him, he will undoubtedly be able to parlay his fantastic speed into endorsements, bonus money and a contract with the professional International Track Association. The money would, as he says, "get us outta this place."

If he fails, however, and if he doesn't qualify for a scholarship, he may well end up trapped in those same sawdust-flaked footsteps he's been running so hard to avoid, listening to the whining saws of the mill. ■

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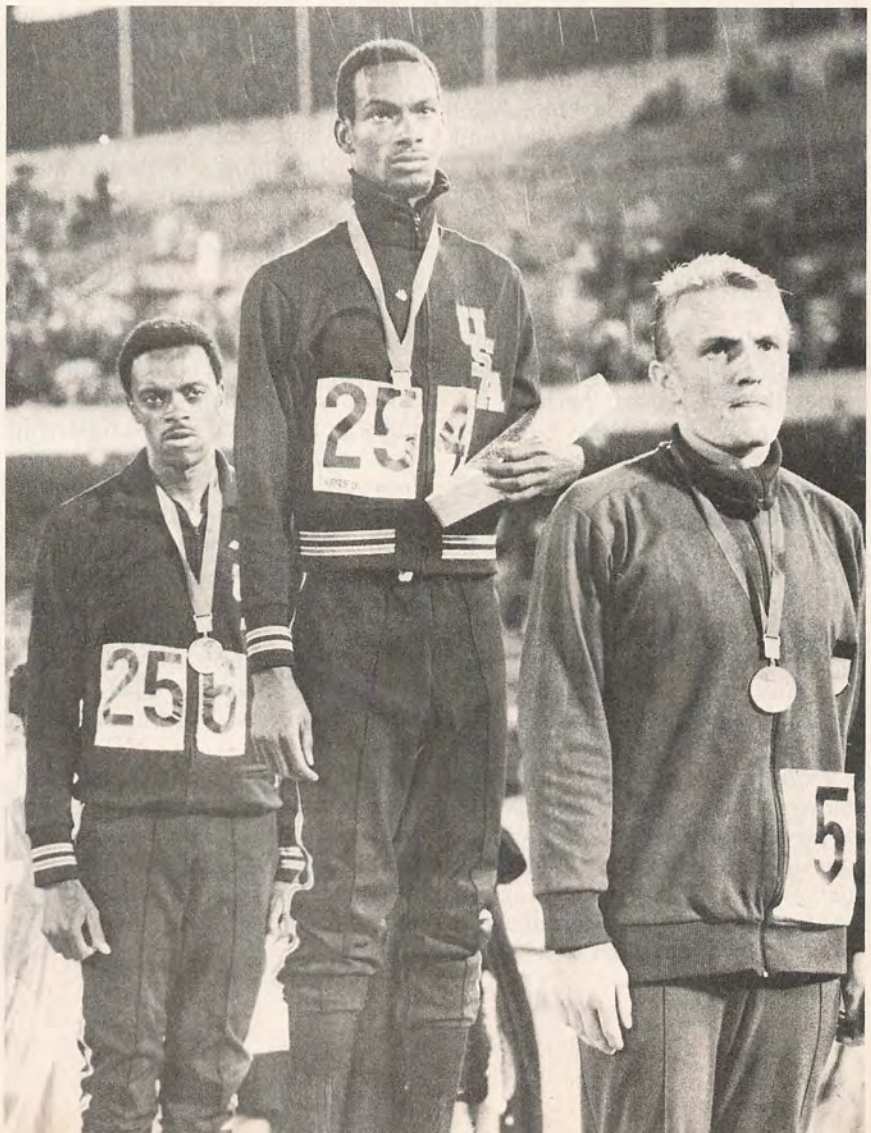
THE PERFECT JUMP

BY NICK SEITZ

The most incredible feat in the history of sport took about six seconds. That's all the time Bob Beamon needed to sprint 19 strides down the runway, take flight and soar 29 feet, two-and-a-half inches in the long jump at the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City. In a sport where improvement is measured in fractions of seconds and inches, Beamon broke the world record for his event by almost *two feet*! It has been expertly estimated that, to match his achievement, a miler would have to run 3:43, a high jumper would have to clear eight feet and a shot putter would have to throw across the Delaware River at its widest point.

Until Beamon demolished it, the long-jump record resisted improvement more stubbornly than any other; Jesse Owens' 1935 mark of 26-8¼ held up for 25 years, for example. Several of his fellow long jumpers complain that Beamon ruined the event because he set a standard no one can approach. "It's hard to realize how far it is," says Arnie Robinson, winner of the



Bob Beamon at the 1968 Olympics after he broke the world record in the long jump by—incredibly—almost two feet.

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JUMP

CONTINUED

bronze medal in the long jump at the 1972 Olympic Games, "until you stretch a tape measure out there and look at twenty-nine feet, two-and-one-half inches.

That great jump almost ruined Bob Beamon. Sensitive, shy, almost reclusive, he was not prepared to cope with his new status. He tumbled into debt. His marriage collapsed. And the one thing that might have kept his life intact, his jumping ability, was diminished by injuries and loss of confidence.

It took Bob Beamon six seconds to immortalize himself—and it took him the next eight years to find himself. His record jump left him metaphorically up in the air with no place to land.

"I was very young, twenty-two, when I made that jump," Beamon says. "At first I thought I would jump that far every week. So did other people. It didn't happen. My adrenaline was down after I won the gold medal and broke the record. I jumped twenty-six feet in Germany on a tour of Europe and the fans booed me. It destroyed me."

Beamon barely competed in 1970, 1971 and 1972. He said a persistent leg injury bothered him. Some of his old opponents were skeptical. "He's supposed to be hurt, but it's probably mental," Norm Tate, a New York City rival of Beamon's, told me at a meet in the spring of 1971. "I heard it's a hamstring injury, but it's unlikely that a hamstring would bother you that long."

Beamon went back to college, to Adelphi, near his New York City home, and played basketball. He talked of turning pro in that sport but at six-foot-three-and-a-half and 165 pounds he wasn't considered

In Mexico City, Beamon exploded on take-off and exploded on landing—a record leap of 29-feet, two-and-one-half-inches.

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JUMP

CONTINUED

durable enough by the scouts. In 1972 he got a degree in sociology.

He did not try for the Olympics that year, but he did begin a serious comeback. At the suggestion of Dr. George Rhoden, a former Olympian who is a physical therapist and podiatrist in San Diego, Beamon moved to San Diego to train.

"His timing was off," Rhoden remembers, "his attitude was off, everything was off. He complained of leg difficulties, but his injuries were partly psychosomatic. I think he sometimes regretted he'd ever made that jump, because he couldn't approach it again.

"I convinced him that he still had the talent to be the best. He has exceptional speed—he can run the hundred in nine-four—and he gets great leverage because he has a long trunk and long legs. But his technique had changed for the worse. He was jumping off the wrong foot—he jumped off his right foot in Mexico City and had switched to his left foot. He had to get back to his basics."

In 1973, Beamon joined the new professional track tour and consistently jumped 25 and 26 feet, respectable for anyone except Bob Beamon. In 1974, after a meet, he disappeared from public view. There were published rumors that he was living in a London flat and eating rice four times a day.

Beamon chuckled when I found him in San Diego earlier this year and told him of those rumors. "I laid off jumping and got into other activities," he said in his quiet voice. "I never left town. I'm directing a Youth for Progress program here. The federal government funds it. You write your own objectives. Mine are to counsel and give vocational training to youngsters from lower-income backgrounds. I've been working with kids since nine-

teen sixty-five in New York City, and I did graduate work in college in counseling.

"I run a staff of six and recruit the kids. We have about four hundred in the program now. They can walk into our building any time between one p.m. and nine p.m. and walk out any time they want. We offer courses like photography and girls' auto mechanics, and we can arrange tutorial help for their school classes. The response is inspiring.

"A lot of kids like to sit around and just talk with somebody who's interested in them. I never talk sports unless they do. I never tell 'em who I am. When they find out, they usually flip out. They want to know why I'd want to spend my time doing this. Then they tune in more. They ask me what it takes to achieve this or that, and I compare the step-by-step growth they need with my development in sports."

At 29, Beamon remains active in sports. He is attempting another comeback in the long jump on the pro tour, without a contract. In his first meet he jumped 24-4¾ and finished fourth. He missed the next meet. "A muscle spasm," he said.

Arnie Robinson, who is training for the 1976 Olympics, works out with Beamon every morning at Mesa College. He asked Beamon why he came back. "I like to be around you guys," Beamon said. "Once an athlete, always an athlete."

"He's maturing," says Dr. Rhoden. "He finally realizes no one can perform consistently the way he did in Mexico City." And Beamon himself says, "You have to please yourself, not the fans and critics. If I do twenty-five feet or twenty-seven feet or twenty-nine feet, it comes from what's in me that day. I've learned to face reality and stop living in the past."

For much of the last eight years, though, Beamon lived in the past. Days he thought about The Jump, nights he dreamed about it. He watched films of it.

Recently, at ABC, I watched a taped replay of the jump myself. The jump is just as unbelievable

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JUMP

CONTINUED

now as it was in 1968. On a gloomy day, Beamon, making his first jump in the finals, sprinted in his oddly upright fashion down the runway, exploded off the takeoff boards, ascended to a height of six feet with his bony knees tucked up against his chest, and hung there like a dangling puppet—suspended. When he landed, his momentum propelled him forward out of the pit.

The announcement of the distance was delayed because Beamon had jumped beyond the range of the mechanical measuring device that slid along a rail adjoining the landing pit. The device fell off the end of the rail. A tape measure had to be found. The official distance finally was posted as 8.90 meters and when it was translated into feet and inches, Beamon was overwhelmed. He sank to his knees, his hands over his face.

Most of the spectators were watching another event, but the other jumpers were also stunned. Said Great Britain's Lynn Davies, the defending Olympic champion: "I ceased being a competitor and became a spectator."

Sitting on a bench with Davies was Ralph Boston, the 1960 Olympic champion. He knew at once that Beamon had surpassed 28 feet. "I saw three keys to his jump," says Boston. "He got good speed on his approach, he stretched out his last step to the board, and he got his feet close together when he landed."

Beamon says that without Boston's help, there might have been no record jump. "I fouled on my first two qualifying jumps. Before my last try, Ralph told me I was too tight. He said to take some extra time, walk around, and go nice and easy down the runway. He told me to take off before I reached the board if I had to, but to be sure not to foul. I did what he said, and thanks to him, I qualified."

The night before the finals, Beamon had been worried, his mind wandering back to personal problems at home. He had lost his scholarship at Texas-El Paso for participating, with other blacks, in a boycott of a meet against Brigham Young University. He wasn't getting along with his wife.

"Everything was wrong. So I went into town and had a shot of tequila. Man, did I feel loose. I got a good sleep. The next day that first jump in the finals felt terrific. I eased up on my last step before I hit the board, and that makes the difference when I jump well. I wanted to hang a good one out there, because it looked like rain, but I wasn't thinking about breaking any records. My mind was blank during the jump. After so much training, jumping becomes automatic. I was as surprised as anybody at the distance."

"Beamon had a talent no other jumper ever had," says Arnie Robinson. "He hit perfectly on the board—another quarter inch and he would have fouled. The wind reading was right at the allowable limit, and the altitude in Mexico City had to help. But it wasn't a fluke. You could see it coming. He'd been getting himself together for a super jump."

Beamon no longer replays The Jump in his mind. "I did that for too long," he says. "I'm trying to live in the present."

After I had talked to him several times and we were relaxed with each other, he said he had written a paper about himself that I might want to read. He said he had examined himself and what had happened to him as if he were in Freudian analysis.

His six-page composition had delightful moments of poetic grace and poignant moments of self-probing. Beamon told how, when he was an infant, his mother died from tuberculosis—and how her death left a void in his life he has never been able to fill. His craving for attention to replace a lost mother's love first made him, according to the paper, "a troublemaker and clown in school who danced on the teacher's desk in brown brogue shoes two sizes too big and fought with knives in gang rumbles."

Then athletics gave him a constructive outlet for his energy. Athletics also provided the applause he sought—but never quite enough. "I strived for higher and higher achievements," Beamon wrote, "but attaining the highest possible goal an athlete can aspire to, a gold medal in the Olympics, did not suffice. As I stood receiving the award, I asked myself, 'Where do I go from here?' Fear of the void seized me."

Beamon wrote of a corollary desire for material goods that has led him to own, at the same time, seven television sets, a closetful of trendy suits and 32 pairs of shoes. "Only recently," he concluded, "have I begun to understand myself, and gradually the need for defense mechanisms and material goods is falling away."

I discussed Beamon's paper with a psychologist friend who follows sports. He said, "It could be that he had a goal—an Olympic gold medal—that he thought would gain him total acceptance. He was looking for a pinnacle that would give him the love he'd been looking for all his life and change his personality pattern. Then when he reached his goal, it probably was disappointing. There was nowhere for him to go from there. He asked himself, 'Is that all there is?' He found out most people feel you're only as good as your last jump. The fact that he wrote the paper indicates he could be making a difficult mental adjustment."

Bob Beamon probably will never again jump 29 feet. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that he set the most incredible record in the history of sport. It is also a record that inadvertently forced him to learn about himself in a larger sense, an extremely painful process but potentially an extremely rewarding one. Bob Beamon has been up in the air ever since his fantastic jump in Mexico City. It now looks as if he is at last finding a place to land. ■

IN THE '76 WINTER GAMES, EVERYTHING CAME UP ROSI- AND DOROTHY

BY PETE BONVENTRE

Rosi Mittermaier

Dorothy Hamill

They were as different as two Olympic heroines could be. American figure skater Dorothy Hamill, 19, was plagued by raw nerves and a fear of impending humiliation. West German skier Rosi Mittermaier, 25, was an effervescent competitor who filled the moments before a race with animated chatter and smiles. Yet they did share several characteristics at the 1976 Winter Olympic Games: Skill, showmanship and warmth. In an Olympics that, in the last analysis, will be remembered for challenge and accomplishment rather than politics and controversy, Dorothy Hamill and Rosi Mittermaier not only played out their dramas with more sweep and grandeur than anyone alse, but both were so easy to love. And, therefore, they shared one more thing at Innsbruck. Center stage.

The night before she won the downhill, Rosi mentally dashed down the mountainside course above the village of Axamer Lizum. She liked her chances. "In one corner of my head," she said afterward, "I had the idea of winning the bronze medal. The more I thought about the course, the more I liked it. I had to keep telling myself not to produce such nonsense."

In ten years of World Cup competition and three Olympics, Rosi had never won an international downhill race. In fact, she had finished last in a World Cup event before arriving in Innsbruck. Tanned and freckle-faced, with short hair and quarter-sized brown eyes, Rosi was noted more for her popularity than her genius on the slopes. Friends on the ski circuit affec-

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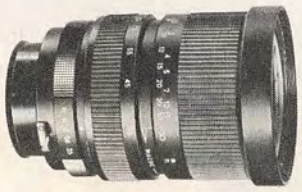

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WINTER GAMES

CONTINUED

tionately called her "Mama," but few predicted greatness for her.

The battle for the downhill gold was supposed to be among defending Olympic champion Marie-Therese Nadig and her Swiss compatriots Bernadette Zurbriggen and Brigitte Totschnig. But when a flu bug claimed Nadig and the treacherous icy course slowed other rivals, Mittermaier had the poise to take full advantage. She shifted her compact body around the three tight S turns at the top of the course with assurance and style, took the bumps with flare and ran the flats flat-out to post a winning time of one minute, 46.16 seconds.

"The same moment I arrived at the finish line," Rosi later recalled, "I heard loud cheering. One of the girls ran over to me and embraced me. I had not the courage to look at the time. I looked at the faces and then I know what has happened."

After all her years of skiing, Rosi was suddenly a sensation. Her dimpled smile and friendly wave made an enchanting picture in newspapers all over the world, and in West Germany the headlines cried out: ROSI! The excitement mounted over the next three days as Rosi's fans waited impatiently for the slalom—her best event. Rosi was scarcely favored to win another gold medal, but she had no intention of dampening the enthusiasm that swelled around her. "With one gold medal already in the pocket," she winked, "it goes even easier."

As thousands chanted, "Rosi, Rosi, Rosi," she finished second to teammate Pamela Behr on the first of two required slalom runs. Her trainer had warned Mittermaier to play it safe, get the rhythm of the course and go wide around the gates. "But on the second run," Rosi gushed before the event, "I could do what I wanted"—which meant that she was prepared to brush the gates in a flamboyant, all-out effort to win. It was to her advantage that the second course was steep and icy, because Rosi's technical skills, quick feet and lithe body made her ideally suited to gamble more boldly than the others.

"I had a good feeling while I was

going up the lift for the second run," Rosi said. "I was watching the course and realized that it was perfect for me. The atmosphere also helped me. I could see the people below me and hear them wishing me good luck."

Rosi's twisting dash down the second course was faultless. She zipped through the gates in 43.7 seconds for an aggregate time of 1:30.54—and won her second gold medal. Moments after crossing the finish line, Rosi knew that victory was hers, and she was mobbed by her adoring fans even before the other racers had made their run. Security guards had to escort her to safety, where "Mama" Rosi triumphantly hugged her own mother and sobbed, "When will I believe it, Mother? When?"

"She is a lion," Frau Mittermaier said. "She is quite tough. Today I have seen tears in her eyes for the first time."

Rosi's tears of joy were all the more dramatic because she had never cried in pain. She had plenty of opportunity. Rosi grew up in the village of Reit im Winkl, and there were nine ski lifts practically in her backyard. Her father, Heinrich, has been running a ski school for more than 30 years, and her older sister, Heidi, competed in the 1960 and 1964 Winter Games. So, Rosi skiied—in between fits of bad luck.

At age two, the year she strapped on her first pair of skis, Rosi swallowed rat poison that almost killed her. Yet countless minor childhood injuries never hurt as much as the two bad spills she took at the Grenoble and Sapporo Winter Games. Then, while on a brief vacation in 1973, Rosi was in a surfing accident and missed the World Cup season. Last year, she was sideswiped by a tourist and broke her arm on the same slope in Austria where she was to win the Olympic downhill.

And yet, there she was in Innsbruck awaiting the giant slalom and on the threshold of a unique achievement. No woman had ever won three gold medals in skiing, and some 60,000 people flanked the giant slalom course to cheer Rosi on. By a scant .12 of a second Rosi missed her third gold medal, finishing behind Canada's Kathy Kreiner. But Rosi was not unhappy in adding a silver medal to her golden pair—and no woman skier had ever done *that* before, either.

In seven days, Rosi Mittermaier had spent many glorious moments on the victory stand. Nevertheless, typically, she preferred to speak not about winning, but about the fun of her sport. "Everybody should enjoy skiing," she said. "One should not take skiing too seriously. I have had some very bad results in my career from doing just that."

Dorothy Hamill is a mercurial perfectionist who seems to execute every dazzling spin and leap on the edge of disaster. She is blessed with a strong, trim body and stunning ability. But Dorothy has always had to fight an inner battle against her quixotic nerves. The haunting possibility that she could blow it all in competition heightened the drama that swirled around her at Innsbruck.

Dorothy slept fitfully, agonized over her stage fright and made everyone around her keenly aware of the fact that few athletes work as hard or as repetitiously in quest of perfection as a figure skater. As she approached her showdown with her chief rival, Dianne de Leeuw of the Netherlands, Dorothy seemed all too obviously conscious of the upcoming event in which all her years of preparation would carry her either to the pinnacle or to status as an also-ran.

Chalmers Hamill felt the pres-

Dorothy was awesome on flat ice, and Rosi came within .12-of-a-second of winning three gold medals on precipitous ice.

WINTER GAMES

CONTINUED

sure, too, but during his daughter's final pre-performance hours, he reached back into the years and laughed warmly. He recalled eight-year-old Dorothy buying a discount-house pair of ice skates for Christmas. She went out on a frozen pond near the family home in Riverside, Conn., and soon decided that she wanted to be a champion. "Her biggest thrill," Chalmers reminisced, "was learning to skate backwards. Then she wanted to spin like someone she saw on television. One thing tumbled over another and here we are."

Carol Hamill, Dorothy's mother, endured the tumbles with less equanimity. Mrs. Hamill was too jittery even to watch Dorothy compete in Innsbruck—staying instead in her hotel room chain-smoking cigarettes. Her mood sometimes infected the entire Hamill camp. "If Dorothy wins," grumbled her coach Carlo Fassi, "it will be because she lived in the Olympic Village, away from her mother's nervousness."

"I keep telling my wife," said Chalmers, " 'How lucky can you get? I wish you could enjoy it like I do.' " A soft-spoken businessman who spent upwards of $15,000 a year for Dorothy's training, coaching and traveling around the world, Chalmers preserved a sense of balance in his family. He himself made many sacrifices for Dorothy's career, but when asked if he had any regrets, he shot back, "The hell with the money. Sure, this kind of life is a drain on a kid, but your job as a parent is to teach your kids to be independent. Oh, I've missed Dorothy, but being home isn't necessarily the best place to learn independence.

"You have to give your kids the chance to hold their heads up to the world and say, 'Damn it I'm proud.' Of course, we've been lucky. Dorothy is the youngest of our three kids, and we could afford to work with her without any problems."

Last year, Chalmers became uneasy about the grueling pace of his daughter's career. After years of seven-hour-a-day practices, long months away from home and the grind of touring, he insisted that Dorothy accompany the family on a three-week vacation to Bermuda. "She's driven herself almost mercilessly since then," Chalmers said.

"Every time you go out on the ice," Dorothy said, "you can always think of something you should have done better. There are slight flaws in your movements that most people don't know about. Sometimes, Carlo doesn't even notice what's wrong. He can't feel it like I do."

It's hard to imagine the fiery little coach with the snappy blue eyes missing anything. A blunt but engaging man, Fassi also trained the men's champion, John Curry, and at Innsbruck became indisputably the premier figure skating coach in the world. A former European champion himself, the 46-year-old maestro emigrated from Milan in 1961, when he got the coaching job at the prestigious Broadmoor Club in Colorado. There, he coaxed Peggy Fleming to the peak of perfection in the 1968 Winter Olympics in Grenoble. By 1971 he was coaching in Denver, Colo., where he first saw Dorothy and agreed to take her on as his pupil.

"I've suffered a lot with Dorothy," said Fassi. "She was always tight. No, you really can't change a skater's mental attitude. You have to take that personality and use it to your advantage. You have to be patient, careful about what you say and how you say it.

"Peggy was very confident of her ability, very positive. When she was skating, there was no competitor around she paid much attention to. Dorothy is different. She is

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critical of herself to the point of being negative. I keep telling her that if you want to convince the judges that you're the best, you must first be able to convince yourself."

As she skated through the boring compulsory figures at Innsbruck, carefully etching precise circles in the ice, Dorothy was at last convinced. In exquisite control of her emotions, she skated crisply into second place—putting herself in perfect position for a rush to victory in the free-skating portion of the competition. "Now you can take it easy," said her father—provoking Fassi into a small rage. "The best defense is to *attack*," Fassi said. "Just remember that you can't hold back anything. You've got to go out there and give your all."

Dorothy agreed. She ripped off her grim mask and broke into a radiant smile as soon as she glided onto the ice. Her two-minute second program was scintillating and clean, propelling her into the lead, though the event was marred by an American judge who seemed to give de Leeuw an unreasonably low score. Squinting near-sightedly up at the scoreboard, Dorothy could hardly believe that the gold was now within reach. "It's strange," she gasped, "it might really happen. I might win."

Dorothy erased all doubts about her place at the pinnacle in the final competition—the full freestyle program. It was Innsbruck's most glamorous event, commanding ticket prices as high as $50. The fans got their money's worth. Shedding every hint of nervousness, Dorothy seemed about to take flight. She rushed brightly through the air in long, smooth leaps and seemed to spin endlessly. When the music stopped, she was showered with flowers; she hugged her coach and again squinted at the near-perfect score.

The last woman on the ice was the lovely and leggy 20-year-old Dianne de Leeuw. She had beaten Dorothy last year for the world championship, but she seemed to sense that she must now vacate her throne. For a moment, there was a look of resignation on her face, and her eyes lost their glow as she skated bravely into second place. Watching from the stands, Dorothy clutched her father's hand when de Leeuw's score flashed above the Olympic Stadium, and he whispered, "You've got it, Dorothy. You've got it!"

"This is worth all the terrible moments of worrying in the dressing room," Dorothy said later. "I wouldn't give it up for anything in the world."

Dorothy took her gold medal to dinner that night, slept with it under her pillow and wore it the next morning to breakfast. The farthest thing from her mind was the multimillion-dollar contract she could now lock up with a pro ice-show. She preferred to dwell on her private triumph, saying, "I skate for myself and not anybody else. On the ice I'm in a different world, and everything is smooth and breezy and shiny." ■

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THE 4-MINUTE MILE IS STILL A GOAL— FOR FRANCIE LARRIEU

BY TED BROCK

The first problem is to cross Pacific Coast Highway—six lanes of asphalt, wind and speeding steel—without the help of a signal light. The trick, says Francie Larrieu, is to do it three lanes at a time, to wait at the median rather than going for all six at once. Standing at that median now in her electric-green Adidas T-shirt, her jet black Adidas shorts and her unscuffed green-on-white Adidas training shoes, she seems, above all, a meticulous advertisement for The Brand With Three Stripes. The company will get eight miles of promotion from her this afternoon, bringing the total mileage to 13 for the day.

As she runs those miles through the streets of Long Beach, Calif., home port to the *Queen Mary* and the Goodyear Blimp, Francie Larrieu commands no particular respect from motorists. To them, she is five-foot-four, 105 pounds of human mosquito, tripping and darting with a forward lean, avoiding headlights and windshields. From a closer view, though, some of these drivers might recognize her as a record-breaking distance runner and a contender for a medal in the 1976 Olympic 1,500-meter run at Montreal.

Because she is the top American contender in a glamor event, because she grows impatient with officials who would limit her com-

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LARRIEU

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petitive opportunities, and because she can deliver a neat little sermonette at the sight of a spiral notebook, Francie Larrieu is the most easily recognizable of all the female track athletes in the U.S. But she understands that her high profile is deceptive. "People usually get to know about women's track through me," she says as she runs through Long Beach. "I'm running indoors a lot, with television coverage and all the enthusiasm that generates. But what about [javelin thrower] Kathy Schmidt? She won a bronze medal at Munich when she was nineteen. Just the other day she came close to a world record. How many people know about her? She's accomplished more than I have."

Francie eases the pace to around 6:30 per mile, her voice still resonating strongly through a bold alto saxophone nose-and-mouth combination. The initial effect of this instrument is strident, almost nagging. But her manner and tone of voice are unaffected, wide open.

"A lot of the women feel slighted because of all the publicity I get," she says, still not breathing hard as she lopes along. "For example, I've had comments come back to me second-hand, from certain black athletes, that the attention is largely on account of my being white. It's not because I'm white. It's because I'm a showperson. I've always liked the crowds, to acknowledge them."

Running her first international race at 16 in 1969, Francie turned a precocious four minutes, 16.3 seconds for 1,500 meters in London's Crystal Palace. Three years later, at 19, she made it to the semi-finals of the Olympic 1,500, and since then she has set the American outdoor records for the 1,500 (4:08.5), and the mile (4:31.6). Indoors, she is world-record holder in the 1,000 meters (2:40.2), 1,500 meters (4:09.8), mile (4:28.5), 3,000 meters (9:02.4) and two mile (9:39.4). Francie Larrieu has had considerable experience thus, in acknowledging not only the presence of crowds, but also their accolades. And she is, indeed, an accomplished showperson.

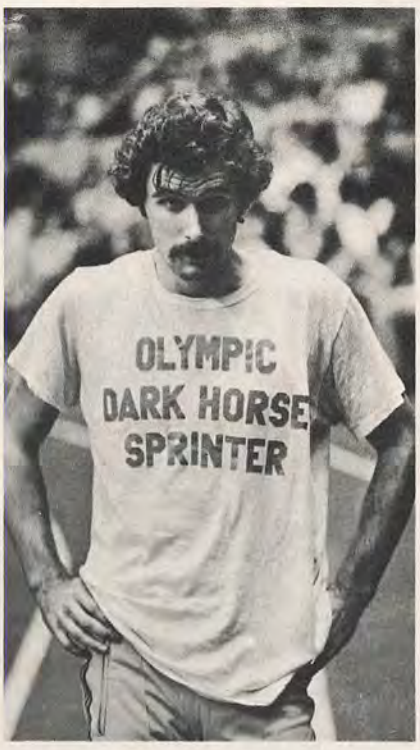
"Have you decided how you're going to write your story?" she asks now, bouncing along a narrow carpet of lawn between a golf course and another busy thoroughfare. Her visitor runs along without answering.

"Are you still going to talk to Mary Decker?" she says. She is referring to the 15-year-old runner whose speed was the surprise of the 1973 U.S. indoor season. "Remember all that fawning over 'Little Mary?' " Francie says. "What is it with some media people? They've always got to have a sweetheart. I'm called 'pert' and 'comely,' as if that had something to do with my racing."

Her racing lately has been considerable, in both quantity and quality—though the scuttle among some coaches, athletes and experts is that she competes too much and too often, and varies her distances to the detriment of her specialty. During a 13-week tour of Europe in 1974, for example, she ran 23 races, including ten 1,500s, ten 800s, two 3,000s and one 1,000. She won both 3,000s, all but the last two 1,500s, and nearly half of the others. Her performances in the 1,500, which included two American-record 4:10.3s, ranked her fifth worldwide, a rating she improved to seventh in 1975 when she ran more races under 4:10 than any other woman.

The 1974 tour was Francie's first with the renegade Pacific Coast Club, an organization headquartered in Long Beach and run by an insurance salesman named Tom Jennings. The club is regarded as renegade because Jennings' allegiance to the U.S. Track and Field Federation and his independent dealings with American and foreign meet promoters have helped dilute the Amateur Athletic Union's strength as the recognized governing body for American track and field. Jennings provides world-class athletes with world-class competitive opportunities, a skill that is yet unknown to the AAU.

"Can you imagine anyone run-



Although Francie seems a sure bet to make the U.S. Olympic team, her husband, Mark Lutz, is a long shot.

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LARRIEU

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ning the schedules I did in nineteen-seventy-four and nineteen-seventy-five, on an AAU tour?'' asks Francie. ''When you travel with them, your big responsibility is to score points in dual meets. You're lucky to appear in one or two good invitational meets.''

Francie is the only female member of the PCC. The roster also includes Dwight Stones, the world-record high jumper, Al Feuerbach, the former world-record shotputter, and Mac Wilkins, the world-record discus thrower. There's also an innocent-looking, curly blond-headed fellow named Mark Lutz, who appears at indoor meets wearing a T-shirt that reads—because his top competitors are all black—''Dark Horse Sprinter.'' He and Francie Larrieu were married last January.

Track and Field News managing editor Garry Hill rates Lutz simply ''a possibility'' for the Olympic team, one of the top 14 American contenders in the 200 meters. Fran Larrieu, Francie's father, beams at that possibility. ''If Mark and Francie were both to make it,'' says Mr. Larrieu, he'd ''have three Olympians,'' in the family. ''And I have to remind myself that it's rare enough to have had *one*.'' Francie's brother Ron, the first of nine children, was 24th in the 10,000 meters at Tokyo in 1964.

''Ron left home when I was three,'' she says. ''When he ran in the Olympics I was eleven. I wasn't particularly interested in track at that point. I didn't start until I was thirteen. That was when I sent in a Junior Olympics application from the back of a Wheaties box. I never got a reply.''

Her training run takes a sharp turn (''Left here . . . LEFT!'') at Recreation Park, passing Billie Jean King's childhood tennis courts. Over the next bluff is the beach, where Francie's Adidas toss back sand as she expounds on the joys and sorrows of club running as a teenager. She was originally coached by Augie Argabright, who founded the San Jose Cindergals in 1968 as an extension of his recreation department job. No track technician, he often sought guidance before giving any, relying mainly on correspondence with any coach who would write back. ''I think Augie kind of learned on me,'' Francie says cautiously.

They still share warm feelings for each other, and agree that their parting in 1972 was a beneficial move. ''If it weren't for the fact that Augie's so dependent on his athletes for fund-raising, I might not have left the club when I did,'' says Francie. ''But running around airports selling chances on a TV gets pretty old when you're nineteen.''

She turns away from the water and onto a road which winds gradually to the top of the cliffs that overlook the shoreline. Running with the traffic now, between the cliffs' edge and the sidewalk, she keeps an eye on the boulevard for a chance to cross, then does so.

These 13-mile days will taper off soon, Francie says, probably around mid-April, when her competitions begin in Honolulu. Six races later, she will be in Eugene, Ore., for the Olympic Trials, June 19-27. ''It's great that they're finally bringing the men's and women's trials together,'' she says. ''People will get to see Kathy Schmidt. She won't be off throwing the javelin on some baseball field.

''I'm looking forward to better treatment, too. At the nineteen-seventy-two women's Olympic Trials at Frederick, Maryland, I asked an official what had happened to the curb of the track. He told me, 'There is no curb.' I asked what would happen if somebody broke a record, because this had happened to me before. So they built a curb, and do you know what they said to me? 'Francie, you'd better set a re-

Jan Merrill (in dark socks) had the second-best U.S. women's time (4:10.6 to Larrieu's 4:08.5) in the 1,500 last year.

cord here, after all the trouble we've gone to.' "

She won the 1,500 final, but her processing as an Olympian began taking some uncomfortable turns. She found it impossible to adapt to the heat and humidity at the training camp in Urbana, Ill.

"The only time I could train was seven in the morning. I can still hear Francie Kraker [a teammate in the 1,500] complaining that the whole thing was getting to her head. The men had their choice of Europe or Maine. We had no alternative.

"And the coach was Randall Lambert. Have you ever heard of Randall Lambert? Neither had I. It seems that Randall Lambert once had something to do with the Olympic movement in Nebraska, and this was the Committee's way of repaying him for certain favors."

"When I got to Munich, I think I was physically prepared. I had the third-fastest time in the world that year, going into the Games. I was mentally prepared too, you know, but in more of an idealistic way. I know I was *not* prepared for Olympic-type competition. In the semis, I was in fourth place, thinking, 'I'm nineteen. Everyone else here is twenty-six or older. What am I doing here?' Then I just mentally dropped out of the race." She finished eighth, failing to qualify for the finals.

Francie finally stops running when she reaches her home, a one-bedroom unit that is already shrinking with only half the wedding gifts inside. Its deluxe feature, however, is convenience to the Cal State campus, where she and Mark each carry two courses.

Mark commutes to UCLA twice a week to train with Jim Bush, but Francie has abandoned the two-hour round trip, preferring to work with Preston Davis, a volunteer with the Cal State track program. Francie says Davis is convinced that her 4:08.5 last summer portends a significant drop, possibly to the 4:00 mark or below. He cites, for inspiration, the 1972 champion in Francie's event, Ludmila Bragina of the U.S.S.R. "He likes to remind me that Bragina's best time prior to the nineteen-seventy-two Soviet championships was around four-eleven, and she proceeded to break the world record three times at Munich."

As she sits in her apartment Francie begins to talk about her American competitors in the 1,500, mentioning that four women besides her had met the Olympic Trials qualifying standard of 4:15.0 as of April 1st: Jan Merrill, Julie Brown, Cyndy Poor and Cindy Bremser.

Merrill, 19, has run a 4:10.6, second-best time by an American last season, and in 1975 she won the Pan-Am Games 1,500. "I think she considers me more of a threat to *her* than vice-versa," says Francie. "For instance, we only trained together once, during the trip to China last year. I know she's a very quiet person, but her coach seems to keep her in her own little shell. I think it's silly not to even speak to your competitors. If I didn't do well at Montreal, for example, I would certainly want another American to do well."

But of course, to Francie Larrieu, the mere mention of her not doing well in the Olympics is absurdly hypothetical, far-fetched. "If I'm not in the final at Montreal," the showperson says frankly, abruptly, "it will blow my mind." ■

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The Ancient Games: WHEN NERO FIDDLED, AND ALEXANDER THE GREAT RAN

BY DICK SCHAAP

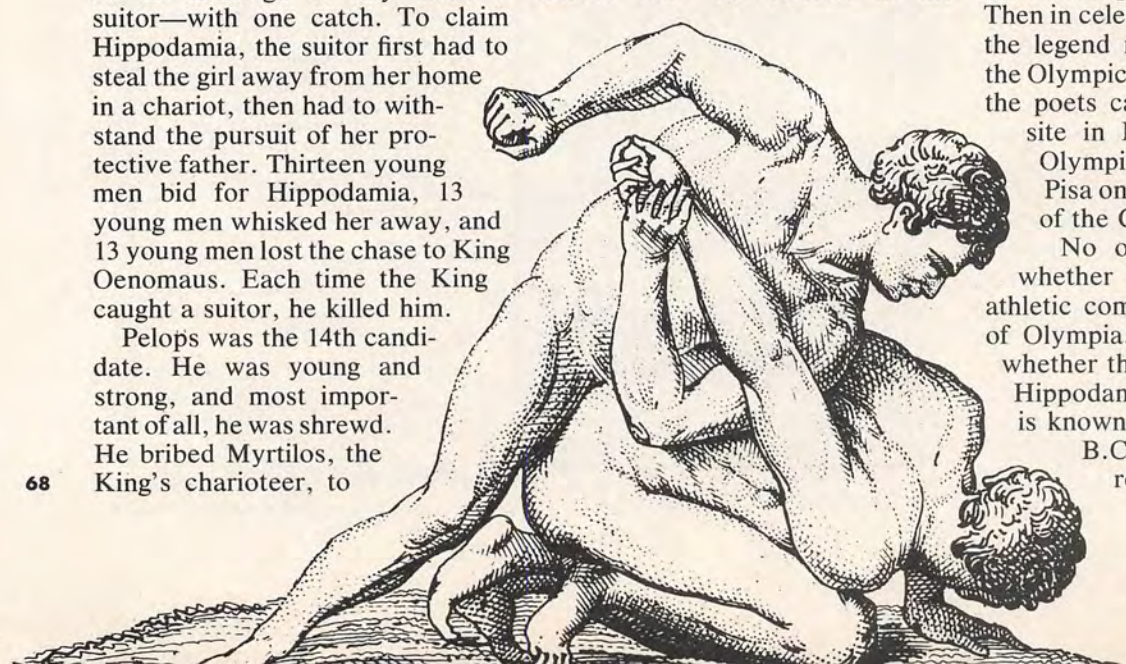
If the myths of the Greeks can be trusted, if the ancient fables ring true, then the first contest in Olympic history was fixed. The first Greek fixer was not Molinas. It was Pelops, and through his deception, he won a beautiful girl, Hippodamia, the daughter of Oenomaus, the King of Pisa in the ninth century B.C. So far as anyone knows, a woman was never again awarded as an Olympic prize.

Oenomaus had offered his daughter in marriage to any suitable suitor—with one catch. To claim Hippodamia, the suitor first had to steal the girl away from her home in a chariot, then had to withstand the pursuit of her protective father. Thirteen young men bid for Hippodamia, 13 young men whisked her away, and 13 young men lost the chase to King Oenomaus. Each time the King caught a suitor, he killed him.

Pelops was the 14th candidate. He was young and strong, and most important of all, he was shrewd. He bribed Myrtilos, the King's charioteer, to weaken an axle on the King's chariot. After Myrtilos sabotaged the chariot, Pelops raced off with Hippodamia. The King followed, quickly cutting down the margin between his chariot and the eloping lovers. The King knew that his horses were the fleetest in the world. He knew that his spear was the sharpest. He knew a great deal, but he did not know that his axle had been damaged. As King Oenomaus closed in on his 14th victim, his chariot suddenly sagged, lurched, and toppled. The King crashed against the turf and died. Pelops had lost a father-in-law, but he had gained a bride.

Pelops had promised Myrtilos half the kingdom of Pisa, but disposed of the obligation by tossing his co-conspirator off a handy cliff. Then in celebration of his triumphs, the legend runs, Pelops instituted the Olympic Games. He chose what the poets called "the most lovely site in Hellas," the valley of Olympia, a few miles west of Pisa on the southwestern coast of the Greek peninsula.

No one knows for certain whether Pelops actually set up athletic competitions in the valley of Olympia. No one even knows whether the legend of Pelops and Hippodamia is close to truth. It is known, definitely, that in 776 B.C., a young cook, Coroebus of Elis, won a



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one-stade race (approximately 200 yards) in Olympia. The ancient Greeks, in fact, dated their calendar from 776 B.C. Formal records of the Olympic Games go back to that date—and no further.

At the beginning of the recorded Olympics, the festival was largely local. Eventually, the games expanded to Panhellenic proportions, and when the Greek city-state system crumbled and gave way to great empires, the Olympics drew athletes first from the wide Macedonian world and later from the entire Roman Empire. After the Romans conquered Greece in the second century A.D., the decline and fall of the Olympic Games began.

But when the games were the glory of all Greece, symbolizing the combination of strength and beauty that the Greeks revered, brilliant men walked in the vale of Olympia. In the fifth century B.C. alone, Herodotus, the historian, roamed among the spectators; Socrates spread his wisdom at the festivals; Pindar, the poet, composed odes to athletic greatness; and Phidias, who kept his own workshop on the Olympic grounds, was one of many sculptors who honored the heroes of the games. The Temple of Zeus at Olympia housed an awesome statue of Zeus, 40-feet high, bearing the inscription, "Phidias the Athenian, the son of Charmides, made me." Sculptors carved statues commemorating almost every champion, but only after a man won three championships did he have a statue built *exactly* in his own likeness.

A man did not have to be rich to compete in the ancient Olympics, but wealth certainly helped. Each athlete had to devote himself exclusively to training for 11 full months before the games. After ten months practicing at home, he reported in Elis to the *Hellanodikai*, the Olympic judges, usually ten in number. Each candidate—at least for the first several centuries of the games—had to swear that he was a freeborn, native Greek. He had to make pledges to the Greek gods, too, for the Olympic ceremony, basically, was a religious ceremony. The games and the rituals were designed to please the gods.

For nearly a month, under the stern supervision of the judges, who whacked the athletes with rods to emphasize their instructions, the candidates trained in Elis. To keep their muscles supple, they anointed themselves with oil. In the early years of the games, the athletes ate only fresh cheese and drank only water; later, the diet also included meats and wines. Shortly before the games began, the judges selected the best athletes and took them to Olympia. "If you have exercised yourself in a manner worthy of the Olympic Games," the judges announced, "if you have been guilty of no slothful or ignoble act, go on with courage. You who have not so practiced, go wither you will."

Women were allowed neither to compete in the Olympic Games nor, with the exception of one special priestess, to observe. The women had their own festival, the Heraea, which was held once every five years and featured a 100-foot race for young girls. Any woman discovered at the Olympic Games was to be thrown to her death from a nearby cliff. Apparently, this edict was disobeyed only once, when Pherenice of Rhodes accompanied her son, Pisidores, to the games. She disguised herself as an athlete, but when her son won the boxing competition, she rushed to him and embraced him so eagerly that her robe slipped, betraying her sex. But because her father, Diagoras, and her brothers had been Olympic champions and because her husband had died while their son was in training for the Games, Pherenice

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Ancient

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was spared. From then on, to avoid deception, all athletes in all events had to compete naked.

Many thousands of Greeks descended upon Olympia once every four years to watch the athletes and to join in the religious ceremomies. People planned the trips months in advance, for attendance at the Olympic Games was a status symbol, somewhat the way attendance at the Super Bowl is in the United States today. Kings and merchants jammed Olympia. There was a carnival air, with booths and tents everywhere, and acrobats and magicians performing.

The stadium at Olympia was roughly 215 yards long and 35 yards wide, surrounded on four sides by grassy slopes capable of seating more than 40,000 spectators. When Coroebus became the first known Olympic champion in 776 B.C., the only event was the one-stade race, a sprint nearly the length of the stadium. In 724 B.C., a double-stade race was added and then, four years later, a distance race of approximately three miles.

During the next century, the schedule broadened considerably. Wrestling, boxing, chariot races, races in armor, the grueling pentathlon, and the crippling *pankration* became Olympic events.

The rules of the ancient wrestling matches were simple. The athlete who knocked his opponent to the ground three times was the winner; there was no wrestling on the ground. The boxers wore leather straps around their fists, and their battles, continuing until one man surrendered, were brutal. Greek boxers absorbed so much punishment that one ancient sportswriter reported: "After twenty years, Ulysses returned home and was recognized from his appearance by his dog Argus. But thou, Stratophon, after boxing for four hours, hast been so altered that neither dogs nor any person in the town could possibly recognize thee."

As new sports and variations of old sports won places on the Olympic calendar, the games grew, in the fifth century B.C., from a one-day to a five-day festival.

Incredible heroes, whose accomplishments were perhaps half fact and at least half fancy, sprang from the Games. Poulydamas of Thessaly and Theagenes of Thasos excelled in the pankration. Poulydamas, supposedly, once killed a lion on Mount Olympus with his bare hands, once grabbed a bull by a hind foot and held it fast, and once stopped a chariot at full speed by seizing the back of it. Theagenes, not to be outdone, first demonstrated his enormous strength when he was nine years old. He carried a large bronze statue a long way to his home and, when he was told that he could not keep it, carried it back again. In his career in boxing, sprinting, and the pankration, he won a total of 1,400 different championships, probably an all-time amateur record.

But Poulydamas and Theagenes were weaklings compared to a wrestler named Milo of Croton. Milo had a hearty appetite. His typical meal included seven pounds of meat, seven pounds of bread, and four or five quarts of wine. He lived in the sixth century B.C., and one day at Olympia, he ate an entire bull. History records that the bull was four years old at the time; no one knows how old Milo was.

Milo won the Olympic wrestling championship six times, but he earned more fame for his tricks than his victories. For instance, he carried his own life-size statue to its proper place in Olympia. He had the knack of holding a pomegranate in his fist so tightly that no one could open his hand, yet so gently that not a single drop of juice dripped out. He could stand on an oiled disc and brush away attackers without ever losing his footing. He could wrap a piece of cord around his forehead and by swelling his veins, slice the cord in half. He had a trick for every occasion, and a trick finally did him in. Wandering through a forest, he came upon a tree that had been cut with an ax. Wedges had been placed in the cuts. Milo boldly tried to widen the cuts with his bare hands, but he made one wrong move. The wedges slipped out, and his hands slipped in, trapped by the trunk of the tree. Milo was stuck, and a group of wolves, who did not realize he was an Olympic champion, came along and ate him. No one knows how old the wolves were.

The chariot races were wild affairs, so hazardous that once, in a 40 chariot match, only one man, Arcesilaus of Cyrene, completed the full nine-mile course. In the early part of the first century A.D., Tiberius of Rome, before he became Emperor Tiberius Claudius Nero, won an Olympic chariot championship.

Another regal Olympian was Alexander the Great, who, as a youth, entered one of the sprints—and lost the race.

For a victory in the Olympic Games, each champion received an olive wreath, but that was only the start of his rewards. He became an idol in his home city, and his fellow citizens showered him with gifts. He generally received a free home and large sums of money.

With the emergence of the Romans and the subjugation of the Greeks, the Olympic Games withered. They reached their nadir in 66 A.D., when Emperor Nero turned the competition into a farce. The tyrant entered several events, including some that he had invented on the spot, and, not surprisingly, he won every event that he entered.

Although the Olympics outlived Nero, they had lost both their purity and their strength. Occasionally, a Greek managed to win a championship, but contestants poured in from all corners of the Roman Empire, skilled and eager to conquer, but oblivious of the traditions.

Around 393 A.D., a marauding band of Goths ravaged the sacred shrine of Olympia. And in 394 A.D., Emperor Theodosius of Rome, a Christian opposed to pagan spectacles, formally abolished the Olympic Games. ■

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S-76

THE IMMORTALS

JIM THORPE

When the United States Olympic team sailed aboard the liner *Finland* to the 1912 Games in Stockholm, a cork track rimmed the deck of the ship. Every day, weather permitting, the American athletes trained on the makeshift track. They ran. They jumped. They sweated. All except one man. Jim Thorpe, from the Carlisle Indian School, just sat in a deck chair and dozed.

"What are you doing, Jim?" Francis Albertanti, a reporter for the New York *Evening Mail*, asked Thorpe one day. "Thinking about your uncle, Sitting Bull?"

"No," said Thorpe, opening his eyes. "I'm practicing the broad jump. I've just jumped twenty-three feet, eight inches." Then Thorpe closed his eyes, furrowed his brow, and resumed his mental workouts.

Jim Thorpe, born in Prague, Okla., on May 28, 1888, a member of the Sac and Fox Indian tribe, six-feet tall and 190 pounds in his prime, was the finest athlete the United States has ever produced. In 1950, the Associated Press conducted a poll of American sportswriters to select the greatest male athlete of the half-century, 1900-49. Thorpe received 252 first-place votes; all his rivals combined polled only 141.

Thorpe could excel in any sport, but the three he played best were football, baseball, and track and field. In football, he was an All-American halfback for two seasons at little Carlisle, and, later, a pro star who in 1963 was voted into the National Football League Hall of Fame. In baseball, he signed with the New York Giants in 1913 and lasted in the major leagues through 1919. In track and field, his genius is best illustrated by one performance, in a dual meet on May 25, 1912, between Lafayette and Carlisle. Thorpe won the high jump, broad jump, shot-put, discus, 120-yard high hurdles, and 220-yard low hurdles. He slumped to third in the 100-yard dash.

Two months later, after his relaxing cruise aboard the *Finland*, Thorpe was in Stockholm, dominating the Olympics. He finished first in the pentathlon, first in the decathlon, fourth in the high jump, and seventh in the broad jump.

In the 1912 version of the pentathlon, a strenuous test of versatility combining five separate events, Thorpe defeated all challengers in the broad jump, discus throw, 200-meter dash, and 1,500-meter run. He proved that he was human by placing only third in the javelin throw, but won the pentathlon gold medal easily.

In the decathlon, a blend of ten events, Thorpe defeated all rivals in the high jump, high hurdles, shot-put, and 1,500-meter run. He accumulated so many points in the other six events that his Olympic decathlon record survived for 12 years. No one will ever match Thorpe's pentathlon-decathlon double because the pentathlon was abandoned after the 1924 Olympics.

The 1912 Olympic Games provided Jim Thorpe with his greatest glory. They also provided him, as matters developed, with his most bitter setback. The International Olympic Committee discovered that Thorpe had earlier played baseball for money, declared him a professional, stripped him of his medals, and erased his records from the official Olympic history. The records are gone now, but the memory lingers. And someday, Jim Thorpe's records may even be restored, his medals returned to his heirs. Someday. ■

William Nelson '76

THE IMMORTALS

BABE DIDRIKSON

In July, 1932, at the Northwestern University field, the team from the Employers Casualty Company of Dallas, Texas, won the United States women's track and field championship. The team from Texas took first place in the shot-put, javelin throw, broad jump, baseball throw, and 80-meter hurdles, tied for first place in the high jump, scored a fourth in the discus throw, and failed to place in the 100-meter sprint. The team from Texas consisted of "Babe" Didrikson.

All by herself, the wiry little Texan, barely 18 years old, the sixth child of an immigrant Norwegian cabinetmaker, won the national team championship.

This sounds suspiciously like pure myth, but the feats of the Babe of Texas were unquestionably fact. Roughly five-foot-four and 110 pounds, with green eyes and short, sandy hair, Mildred Didrikson put on a performance that has never been matched and probably never will be.

Two weeks after her triumphs at Northwestern, Babe Didrikson competed in the 1932 Olympic Games at Los Angeles. Under a special Olympic rule for women, Babe was permitted to enter only three events. She chose the javelin, the hurdles and the high jump. She told her rivals, with conviction, not boastfulness, "Ah'm gonna whup you."

On the first day of competition, she won the javelin throw and broke the world record. On the fifth day of competition, she won the hurdles race and broke the world record. She seemed sad because she had only one more event in which to break a record. "I'd break 'em all if they'd let me," said the Babe.

She might have, too. In the high jump, naturally, she broke another world record, but this time she didn't win the gold medal. Didrikson and a teammate, Jean Shiley, tied at a height of five feet, five-and-one-quarter inches. In the jump-off, at the same height, both girls cleared the barrier, but the Babe was disqualified for "diving." In those days, regulations specified that a high jumper's feet had to go over the bar first; the rule has since been rescinded.

A rumor spread among the Olympic press corps that the Babe, besides mastering every phase of track and field, also swam, shot, rode, rowed, tumbled, boxed, wrestled and played tennis, golf, soccer, field hockey, basketball, football, baseball, polo, and billiards.

Actually, the rumors were exaggerated—but only slightly. Didrikson did make the All-American women's basketball team three times. She once pitched for the Philadelphia Athletics in an exhibition game, once tackled a Southern Methodist University football player as a movie stunt and once squared off against a boxer named Baby Stribling as a publicity gag. But her best game, after she turned professional, was golf. In the late 1940s, she won 17 consecutive golf tournaments, an all-time record.

In 1932, for her Olympic accomplishments, and again in 1945, 1946, 1947 and 1950, for her golf victories, the Associated Press poll of sportswriters voted her the best woman athlete of the year. In 1950, joining Jim Thorpe, the greatest male athlete of the half century, the Babe was elected the finest female athlete of 1900-49. Six years later, at the age of 42, after a courageous battle, she was dead of cancer. She left a brilliant legacy. ■

THE IMMORTALS

JESSE OWENS

Brown shirts were in fashion, the goose step was the vogue, and Adolf Hitler spread his big lies: The Aryans were supermen; they were the master race. But in the Berlin Olympic Games of 1936, the myth of Aryan superiority took a beating. On the sacred soil of the Fatherland, the master race met its master: A slender, 22-year-old American named James Cleveland Owens. Among 66 men on the United States track-and-field team, "Jesse" Owens was one of ten blacks.

Born in Alabama, the seventh child of an impoverished cotton picker, the grandson of slaves, Jesse Owens grew up in Cleveland, attended Ohio State University, and became a national hero on May 25, 1935. Competing as a sophomore in the annual Western Conference track-and-field championships, Owens, within two hours, won the 100-yard dash, the 220-yard dash, the 220-yard low hurdles, and the broad jump—and set world records in three of the four events. He slumped in the 100-yard sprint; he only tied the world record. His broad jump—26 feet, eight-and-one-quarter inches—was not surpassed for a quarter of a century.

More than a year later, on August 3, 1936, the second day of the Olympic track-and-field program, Owens bid for his first gold medal. With Hitler in the stands, Owens stepped to the starting line in the 100-meter final. The gun went off and Owens shot into the lead. Although one teammate, Ralph Metcalfe of Marquette University, made a tremendous bid, no one caught Owens.

The following day, Owens competed in the broad jump. Trials were held in the morning, and each contestant was allotted three jumps. In order to qualify for the final, he had to leap at least 23-5½.

For Owens, this seemed a simple task. But on his first try, he fouled. On his second try, he fouled. He had only one chance left and, because heats of the 200-meter dash had just been run off, he was obviously tired.

"I kicked disgustedly at the dirt," Owens recalled afterward. "Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to look into the friendly blue eyes of a tall German broad jumper. He offered me a firm handshake. 'I'm Luz Long,' he said. 'Why don't you draw a line a few inches in back of the board and aim at making your takeoff from there? You'll be sure not to foul, and you certainly ought to jump far enough to qualify.' " Owens did, and qualified easily.

In the finals, held the same afternoon, Luz Long, the friendly German, provided the sternest opposition to Owens. After Owens set an Olympic record on his second jump, Long tied it on his fifth—of six—jumps. But Owens was just warming up. On both his fifth and sixth tries, he lengthened the Olympic record. "At the instant I landed from my final jump, Luz Long was at my side, congratulating me," Owens said. "It took a lot of courage for him to befriend me in front of Hitler."

The day after the broad jump, Owens easily captured the 200-meter dash, establishing another Olympic mark. Then, a few days later, he ran the first leg on the championship United States 400-meter relay team. He collected four gold medals, but not a single word of praise from Adolf Hitler. "It was all right," Owens later explained. "I didn't go over to shake hands with Hitler." ■

THE IMMORTALS

EMIL ZATOPEK

To watch Emil Zatopek run a race was to watch torture endured. He suffered with every stride. He trembled with every turn. He died with every lap. "He runs," an admirer once said, "like a man who has just been stabbed in the heart."

Born in Koprinivince, Czechoslovakia, the short, wiry son of a poor carpenter, Emil Zatopek seemed to make agony his trademark. But the strangest part of Zatopek's contortions while running was that, in fact, he felt no pain at all. His legs betrayed him. Flicking across the ground in short, smooth strides that never even hinted of fatigue, they revealed his secret: His tortured looks were only for effect, an act.

Zatopek could be Lear one moment and Falstaff the next. He loved a broad joke. Once, in a trial heat of an Olympic race, while all his rivals strained for speed, Zatopek playfully accelerated and decelerated, until he dropped back next to a lagging American runner and said, "Hurry up—or you'll miss the bus."

If Zatopek seemed part actor and part artist, he was all perfectionist. Britain's Roger Bannister, the first man to run a mile in less than four minutes, called Zatopek "the greatest athlete of the postwar world." His greatness sprang from dedication. A career military man—he achieved the rank of colonel in the Czech Army—Zatopek arose at six each morning during his competitive years, exercised and ran at least ten miles daily.

In 1948 Zatopek, then 25 years old, his blond hair already thinning, entered the Olympics in London, won the 10,000-meter race and placed second in the 5,000-meter race. Four years later, in Helsinki, before Finns conditioned to long-distance excellence, Zatopek staged the most impressive demonstration of long-distance running in Olympic history.

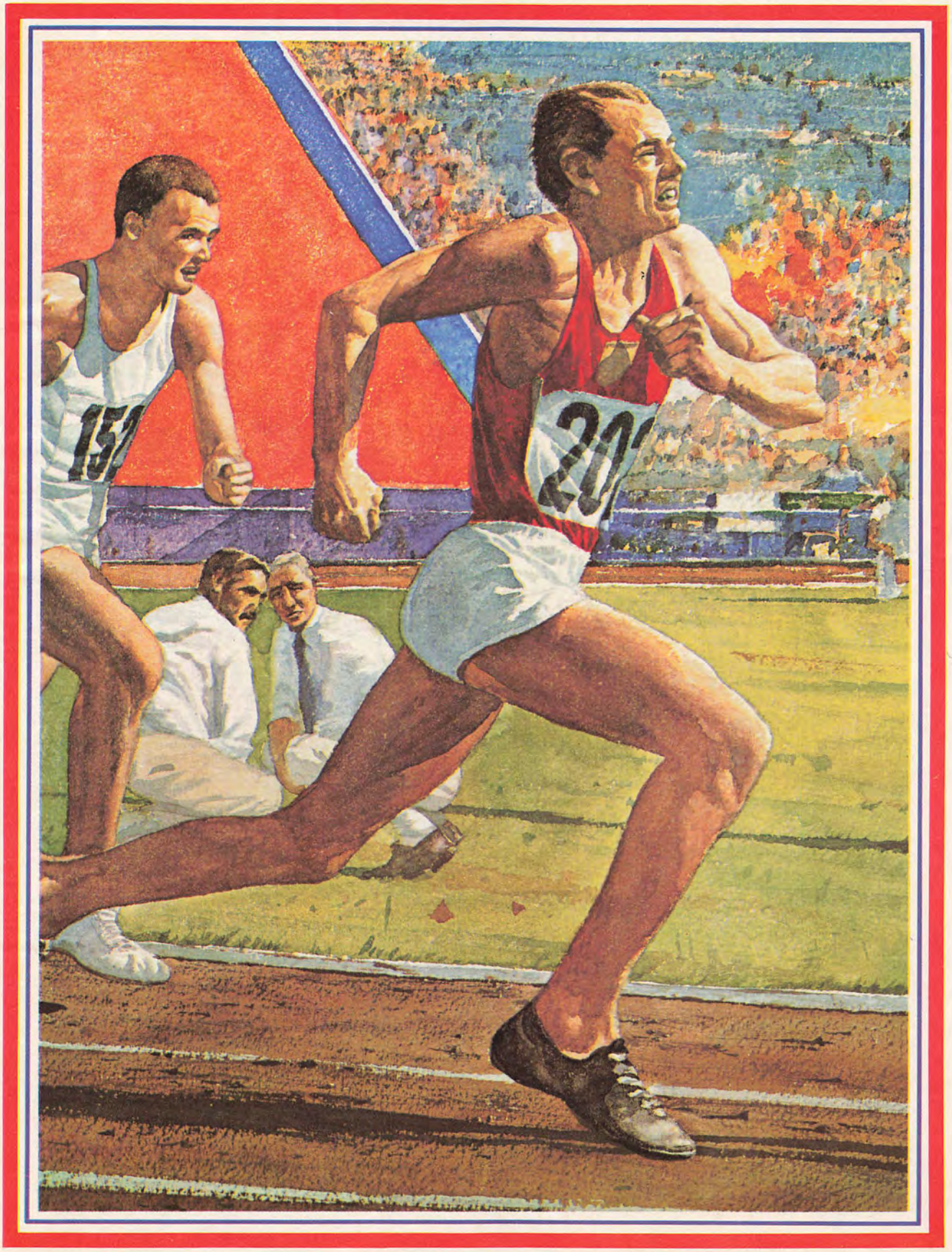
First, he won the 10,000-meter run in 29 minutes, 17 seconds—42 seconds faster than his own Olympic record. "I am disappointed," Zatopek complained afterward. "I was not fast. I will try to do better in the five thousand-meter run."

Not since 1912, when Kolehmainen won the 5,000-meter and 10,000-meter races in Stockholm, had any man captured both Olympic championships. Now, Emil Zatopek not only matched him by winning the 5,000, but cut nine seconds off the Olympic record.

To celebrate his victories at 5,000 and 10,000 meters, Zatopek announced that he would compete in the Marathon. Few people expected him to win, because he had never run a Marathon before.

Fifteen miles after the start of the 26-mile endurance test, Zatopek and Jim Peters of Great Britain were well in front of the field, trotting along at a brisk pace. Zatopek slowed down and allowed Peters, the pre-race favorite, to draw even with him. "Excuse me," said the Czech, in fluent English. "I haven't run a Marathon before, but don't you think we ought to go a bit faster?"

Zatopek may have been seeking advice—or he may have been practicing gamesmanship. A few miles later, Peters, unable to keep pace with the Czech, developed cramps and quit the race. Calmly, smoothly, foregoing his usual groans and grimaces, Zatopek breezed to victory, breaking the Olympic record by more than six minutes. "The Marathon," Emil Zatopek told reporters, "is a very boring race." ■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THE IMMORTALS

BOB MATHIAS

In the 1948 Olympic Games, 17-year-old Bob Mathias hurled the discus 144 feet, four inches to take the lead in the decathlon—an event he had attempted only twice before. After winning the gold medal, an exhausted, blanket-draped Mathias vowed, "I'll never do this again." But at Helsinki in 1952, he excelled in the pole-vault, longjump, 1,500 meters (see photos), and the seven other events. His efforts made him the only two-time decathlon winner in Olympic history.

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William Nelson '76

THE IMMORTALS

PAAVO NURMI

A CLASSIC STUDY OF THE CLASSIC RUNNER

BY JOHN LARDNER

When Paavo Nurmi's wife sued Paavo for divorce in Finland some years ago, she had what the law considered to be a reasonable beef. Local sentiment, though, was inclined to favor Paavo, who could do no wrong in Finland.

"If Nurmi's baby's feet are too small," said the neighbors, "why shouldn't he stretch them? After all, Nurmi knows feet."

It seems that when the Nurmi child (name of Matti) was a few months old, his father approached the crib one day and began to wonder restlessly how long he would have to wait before getting the kid out on the road for a couple of dozen miles of cross-country work. As he studied the baby, his eye was caught by the size of the latter's dimpled dogs. "Too small!" he moaned. "He will never be a runner with feet like that. They will have to be enlarged." This was the rock on which the Nurmi marriage foundered. Paavo ordered a diet which, he said, was guaranteed to increase the scope of the infant metatarsus. His wife resisted. She argued that baby feet are supposed to be small. She said she would perfer to see them grow of their own accord. She won the duke. Paavo resumed his bachelor life, running moodily up and down the Scandinavian Peninsula and reflecting, as the milestones flew past like telephone poles, that if there is one thing women do not understand, it's feet.

Mr. Nurmi himself had the proper feet. He had the low-count heartbeat. He had everything—including, as you can plainly see, a serious attitude toward the sport—to make him the greatest distance runner who ever lived, which is what most of the experts still call him. But he had a little something extra, too. I once pointed this out to a famous track official, who agreed very readily.

"I'll say he had a little something extra," said the official. "If you were to call it twenty-five thousand dollars, you wouldn't be far wrong. In fact, that's a good estimate."

This was a reference to the sum that Nurmi is said to have taken home with him from his first simonpure amateur tour of America. It is not the thing I was talking about. True, the great man had one of the keenest instincts for money in the history of amateur sport, but it was something else that drew the crowds and packed the halls wherever he went, at home or abroad. Nurmi got publicity without opening his mouth.

It was printed in all American newspapers that he trained on nothing but black bread and fish. Nurmi never claimed this himself, but everyone believed it. A spy called on him one day and watched him eat around the clock. The box score was as follows: Breakfast—triple oatmeal, toast (buttered), coffee. Lunch—soup, roast beef, baked potato, rolls, ice cream, coffee. Supper (at station, catching train)—five tongue sandwiches, two cups of coffee.

"No black bread and fish today?" asked the spy wistfully, as he saw Nurmi off on the train.

"No black bread and fish any day," said Nurmi coldly. "Why should I eat things like that?"

There was no mistaking Nurmi for someone else in a race. He took off from a standing start, never a crouch. He wore a stopwatch on his wrist when he ran. Other runners look ahead or over their shoulders to see where the rest of the field is.

NURMI

CONTINUED

Nurmi looked at his watch to see where he was. If he was where he thought he should be, by the laws of standard time, he was satisfied.

Naturally, before he can afford a watch, a young runner must find some other means of gauging his speed.

Nurmi, in his youth, worked out with a railroad train, namely, the morning mail train through Turku, Finland. This was not a very hot specimen, as mail trains go. It went along at a careful eight to ten miles per hour. Still, it had good breeding and plenty of stamina, and nobody else in Turku thought of running races with it.

Nurmi first gained the world's attention when he won the 10,000-meter run and the cross-country event (also at 10,000 meters) at the Olympic games in Antwerp in 1920. In the Paris Olympics of 1924, he won at 1,500 meters, 5,000 meters, and cross-country. At Amsterdam in 1928, he won his second Olympic 10,000-meter title. In 1923, he broke the world record for the mile, running the most classic of all distances in four minutes, 10.4 seconds. At one time, he held world records in ten different events and local records (including American) in five others.

All his records have now been washed from the books but the best judges of track argue that if he were young and active today, Nurmi would be running faster than anyone else in the long-distance field. They say this is because he was the best runner of all time, and they say he was the best runner of all time for certain conclusive reasons, such as these:

Records in every field have been lowered steadily year by year since records were first kept—wider competition, better physical conditions, and sounder training methods account for it. Yet Nurmi's records resisted time and change far longer than any other distance runner's. His mile record lasted for eight years. His two-mile record stood up for five years, his 5,000-meter record for eight, and his 10,000-meter record for nine. And for 17 years—from 1928 to 1945—no one equalled his total ground covered in one hour—11 miles and 1,648 yards.

Doctors say that great distance running can only be achieved by men with slow heartbeats. The average man's heart canters along at 72 beats per minute. Gil Dodds and Glenn Cunningham were clocked at 48, Gunder Hagg at 46. For Mr. Nurmi, the count was a flat 40.

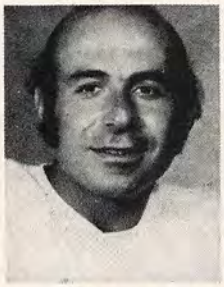
"The lowest heartbeat of any runner in the world," it was said of him once, "and the highest asking price."

That brings us back to Nurmi's celebrated tour of the United States in 1925, a tour which began commercially and artistically where all other tours leave off. Mr. Nurmi had the old-world notion about amateurism: He did not accept checks. If a promoter backed him up behind a barn or under a bridge in the pale moonlight, after a night's racing, and stuffed his pockets with banknotes, that was all right. Nurmi was too tired from the evening's work to run away in such cases. If the promoter did not show up, however, Nurmi could always run another 10,000 meters to find him.

He had an American manager, Hugo Quist, known in the trade as Honest Hugo. Mr. Quist later managed Sonja Henie, who went up and down the country with a pair of skates and a vacuum cleaner, picking up whatever money Nurmi had overlooked. Nurmi, the first half of this rich Norse parlay, was booked into practically every town in the country that had a running surface

"How to kick Athlete's Foot."

by Garo Yepremian



"I've been in so many locker rooms, I probably hold the all-time record for athlete's foot. But that was before I started using Dr. Scholl's.

Now, if I see it starting up, I just apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex® Ointment or Athlete's Foot Spray. Solvex kills fungi on contact. Helps control the itching, peeling and other irritations of athlete's foot.

Of course, a good defense against athlete's foot is applications of Dr. Scholl's Solvex Athlete's Foot Powder. It absorbs the moisture where fungus grows and helps prevent reinfection.

I always keep Dr. Scholl's handy now. Let's face it, a place-kicker depends on his feet. And who knows more about feet than Dr. Scholl's?"

Dr. Scholl's

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AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes. There is one outstandingly effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

Q. *What's that?*

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it: World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day... and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.

Jack Barclay, junior Mr. Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training.

Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps... using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

Q. *What do those figures mean in visual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually measure your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day.

Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training... it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds,* and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere... even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad, powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep, manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle... build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves.... And all this in *record time!*

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who, after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters... every inch a man... bowling girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. *How can our readers find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for themselves?*

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available—free—on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If your readers are interested in developing their bodies, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that they contact the US distributor for full details.

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NURMI

CONTINUED

and a bank. Hospitality threatened him on all sides, but never overwhelmed him. He was given a party one night by Finnish-American citizens, at which he was asked to join in a toast.

"I never drink liquor or use tobacco," said Mr. Nurmi firmly.

"But this is for the honor of Finland," said the toastmaster.

"Where is the honor of Finland if I lose my next race?" said Nurmi. "Pass the coffee."

It is an article of belief with many European distance runners that the mile and 1,500-meter events are sissy stuff which prove nothing. They speak to mile runners on the street when they pass by, but they do not encourage them to become familiar or to marry into their families. Unfortunately, the mile run is the one that pays off at the gate in America, and Nurmi found himself obliged to run it night after night, while his compatriot, Willie Ritola, was entering the two-mile event with snobbish pleasure and breaking the local record at every stop.

"Ritola has had great success at two miles," said Nurmi to his manager, on the eve of the New Youk Athletic Club games.

"I noticed," said Mr. Quist.

"He breaks the records," said Nurmi. "He is in the newspapers all the time, just like me."

"Yes," said Mr. Quist.

Nurmi brooded. "Tomorrow," he said with a scowl, "put me in the two miles."

Nurmi ran in the two-mile race in the New York Athletic Club meet and beat Ritola.

As soon as Paavo got home from America after the tour, he broke out with a new automobile and a quantity of new haberdashery. It was a tribute to his philosophical interpretation of the amateur code. In this respect, however, things got tougher as the years went by. In 1932, just a few days before the start of the Olympics at Los Angeles, the international authorities ruled Nurmi off the track for demanding "too large guarantees" in a tour of Germany. It may have been for the best. The Flying Finn was 35 years old then, and he himself once recommended 32 as the age of retirement for runners.

His respect for money was not entirely personal. It depended on the circumstances. The Russians attacked Finland late in 1939. Nurmi, after a brief spell of service trucking refugees out of Helsinki, was sent to America again, in the company of Taisto Maki, a young distance star who was then the hottest thing in track, to raise funds for Finnish relief. Maki ran. Nurmi took a bow at each stop and counted the house. This was an event at which he always had held world supremacy among amateurs, but now he was counting the house for Finland, instead of for himself and Honest Hugo Quist, and his eye was sharper then ever. He rejected the hotel suite they gave him.

Nurmi, who once held ten world records, showed on a visit to New York in 1966 that he could still run at age 68.

"The suite costs Finland ten dollars a day from her end of the take," he said. "Give us a single room."

Young Maki used to say: "I can beat Nurmi's old records, but I feel bad when I do it."

Nurmi overheard this remark one day and gave Maki a look that was made of the stuff that African pygmies dip their arrowheads in. "Don't worry about that," he said frigidly. "Just pretend that I'm a Russian."

And he added to the press interpreter: "When I was in my best form, this boy would have needed a motor to catch me."

The sudden end of the Russo-Finnish war in early 1940 caught Nurmi and Maki still on tour in America. They were stunned by the news. For a time they refused to believe it. "It's a lie," said Nurmi. "A lie, or a trick."

Convinced at last, the two men went home to give the money they had raised to a defeated rather than a fighting Finland. The fact is that Nurmi was a national agency, in war or in peace, for the collection of loose change for Finland or himself, whichever needed it most at the time. He ran the last official race of his career to attract a few pieces of eight for a Finnish Olympic fund. The race was held in Helsinki, the capital, at 3,000 meters. Nurmi ran the full distance, against a relay team composed of the chief of police, the president of the municipal council, professors, bankers, singers, and other out-of-shape citizens, who ran 200 meters each. The receipts were $2,000. The result was a dead heat, by courtesy of Nurmi.

"Congratulations," said the council president to Nurmi after the race, mopping his brow. "You have given much for Finland."

"Not as much as you," said Nurmi.

Which was true. At 200 meters, politicians sweat. At 3,000 meters, Nurmi was just beginning to run. ■

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BY DAVE ANDERSON

NOBODY CARED ABOUT GYMNASTICS... TILL OLGA CAME ALONG

Suddenly the hummingbird was in the spotlights. Applause crackled. Olga Korbut pranced across the floor of The Omni in Atlanta and moments later, her tiny body was whirling on the asymmetrical bars. In the offstage darkness, Nelli Kim, another member of the Soviet team, turned to Rick Appleman, the tour director for the U.S. Gymnastics Federation.

"Korbut not gymnast," Nelli Kim said. "Korbut artist."

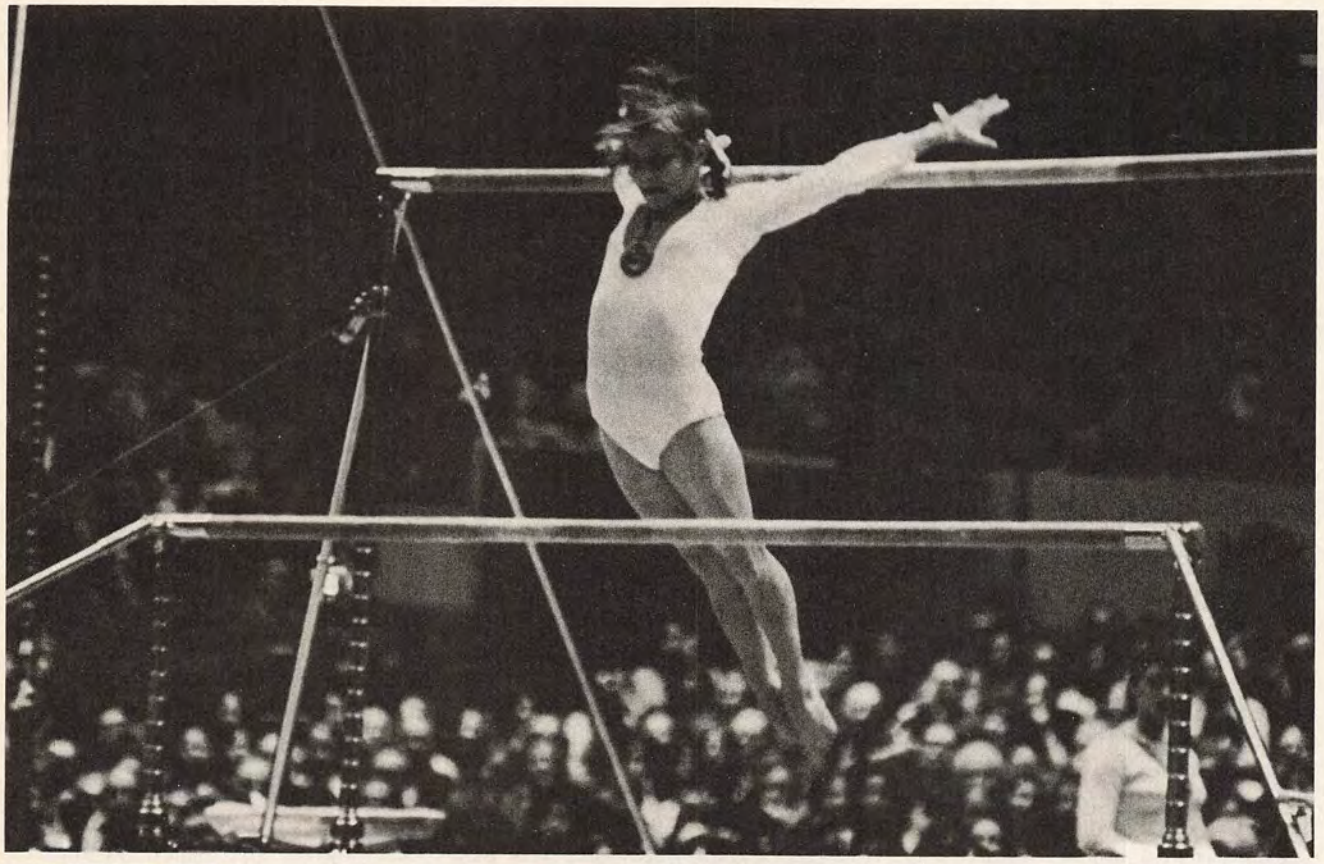
Artist, athlete, perhaps actress soon, Olga Korbut returns to the Olympics after having transcended her sport in the four years since her triumphs and tears at Munich. She wasn't the best gymnast then. Her teammate, Ludmila Tourischeva, was. And at Montreal Olga might not be the best, either. Nadia Comaneci, the 14-year-old Rumanian, might be. But the impact of Olga Korbut continues on the maturing sport of gymnastics and on the maturing psyche of Olga Korbut herself.

Olga Korbut is 21 years old now, a woman who wears makeup and heavy Russian perfume, a woman with her hair in a feather cut and with a Moscow boyfriend, Igor, an actor who perhaps influenced her to think about becoming an actress. Olga Korbut understands her fame now—and projects it. At a buffet dinner after an appearance at Madison Square Garden several months ago, she strutted across the room in a high-neck frilly white blouse, a black skirt and black platform boots. A maitre d' watched her and said, "She knows she's got it."

During the tour by the Soviet team two years ago, one of the U.S. Gymnastics Federation officials was talking to a Soviet official about how Olga's entrance should be choreographed.

"We're dealing," the U.S. official reminded him, "with a girl

Although Olga Korbut has never been the Olympic individual all-around gymnastics champion, she is the fans' favorite.



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OLGA

CONTINUED

who is a big star."

"I know," the Soviet official said. "I have to deal with her every day."

Gymnastics is sports, not showbiz, but Olga Korbut is showbiz. On tour in the U.S., she was the first gymnast in history to be introduced in the glare of rose-colored spotlights. Other gymnasts dislike spotlights. Too many confusing shadows. But Olga enjoyed them. She won't have any spotlights in Montreal where Olympic tradition will be maintained. But, for better or for worse, her stature alone will bathe her in a spotlight. Some gymnastics experts think her fame will intimidate judges into giving her higher marks; others think it will intimidate judges into demanding perfection-plus for her.

Success at Montreal is important to Olga Korbut because this will be her last Olympics, her last attempt to win what she has never won in either the Olympics, in the World championships or in the European championships—the gold medal in the individual all-around competition.

Many people will be expecting her to win because she is Olga Korbut, because she is the only gymnast they know. That's not fair to her perhaps, but gymnastics *is* Olga Korbut, and Olga Korbut is gymnastics. Five years ago there were no American high-school girls competing in gymnastics. Now there are more than 120,000 girls and the budget for the U.S. Gymnastics Federation is $850,000 this year, compared to $35,000 ten years ago. That's what Olga Korbut has meant to gymnastics in the United States. But her fame here, as well as in many other nations, is somewhat resented in the Soviet Union, where collectivism and not individualism is the doctrine.

Olga Korbut is an individual. She is not a member of the Communist Youth Party, as Ludmila Tourischeva is. And Olga realizes that while her fame has enriched Soviet gymnastics by $300,000 from her three U.S. tours, it has not enriched her personally.

Olga Korbut is awarded 36 rubles a week (about $50) because of her athletic excellence. She has her own small apartment in her hometown of Grodno near the Polish border. She drives a Zhiguli, a Soviet-made Fiat, and she has her own private gym on a Soviet Army base. She has status, but no real power, certainly no financial power as famous Free World athletes do.

"If you were an American," somebody once told her, "you would be doing TV commercials."

"I know," she said, holding up a can of Coke she had opened. "You mean 'Korbut drink Coke.' "

Another time she approached an American friend about the possibility of purchasing a Chevrolet even though she knew that few American-made automobiles are permitted to enter the Soviet Union.

"How," the American asked, "could you possibly get it into your country?"

"If you present it on behalf of the love of the American people for me," she said, "maybe then I could get it in."

Olga Korbut resents not being able to put a price on her skill, time and privacy. "All my life I was the ugly little one," the four-foot-11, 89-pound star has said, "but now that I am famous, everybody takes from me, they never give to me."

Occasionally that resentment will flash. During the 1974 tour of U.S. cities, she was having dinner in Boston when a photographer surprised her. Angrily, she tossed her plate of food on the floor and stalked away to her hotel. That's not like her usual friendly manner. But she rarely grants interviews.

"You," said the interpreter with the touring Soviet team last winter, "have five minutes."

Soviet interpreters can't always

Ludmila Tourischeva, Olga's Soviet teammate, will defend in Montreal her title as the world's greatest female gymnast.

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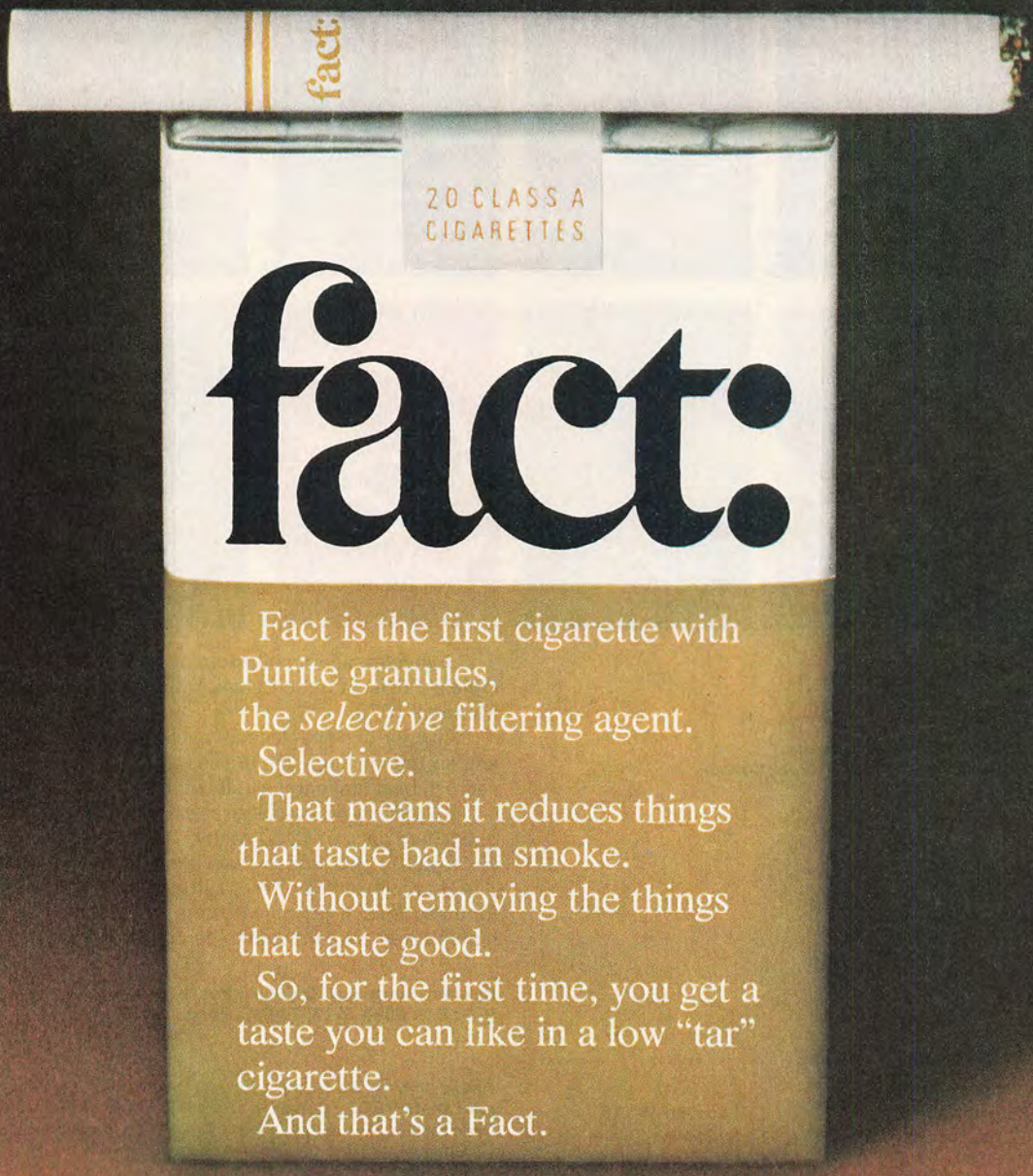

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OLGA

CONTINUED

be trusted. They sometimes translate what the athlete should say, not what the athlete says. When the Soviet high-jumper, Valery Brumel, arrived in New York several years ago for an indoor meet, he wore an expensive sweater to a news conference. Asked where he had purchased it, he replied, "Macy's," without translation. But later he was answering questions through his official interpreter when somebody else asked where he had purchased the sweater.

"Moscow," the interpreter said.

That was very much in mind last winter when Olga Korbut and her interpreter, a middle-aged woman, agreed to an interview after a performance at Madison Square Garden by the Soviet gymnasts.

"Have you grown since Munich?" Olga was asked.

"Three centimeters higher and two and one-half kilos heavier."

"Do you think you will become an actress?"

"Everyone has a dream but to fulfill that dream, you have to work very much. I would like to be an actress, but I don't know."

"In Moscow or in Hollywood?"

"In Moscow," she said, laughing.

"When will you begin acting."

"As soon as I am finished in gymnastics, I will enter higher institute."

"Is your enthusiasm for gymnastics as strong as ever?"

"If I don't want to be a gymnast, I won't be. Nobody forces me to be gymnast."

"How do you explain your great success?"

"It's something within me from childhood."

Olga Korbut suddenly stood up. The interpreter stood up with her. "I'm sorry," the interpreter said. "We are to pack. We are leaving." Dozens of questions remained, but

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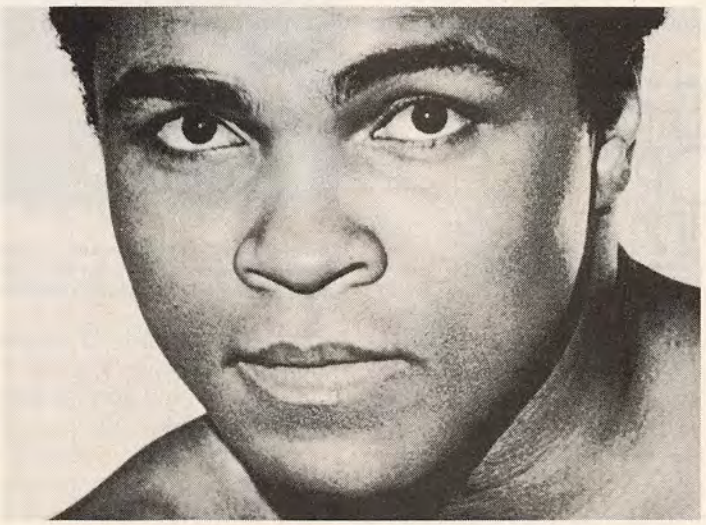

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OLGA

CONTINUED

the interview had come to an end.

Olga Korbut grew up in Grodno, an industrial city of 80,000 about 300 miles west of Moscow. It was her mother who appears to have dominated Olga's competitive development. "Be careful, be first," the mother often advised, "and be joyful." Being joyful is the essence of Olga's charm today as she performs.

At the last Olympics, Ludmila Tourischeva won the Olympic gold medal in the individual all-around competition. Olga won gold medals in the floor exercises and on the balance beam. As the all-around champion, Ludmila deserved the recognition befitting the world's best gymnast. But it was Olga who became the best know gymnast, and the best loved. When she won, Olga was joyful. And when she fell from the asymmetrical bars during the Olympics, Olga cried and cried, and people around the world, watching on TV, cried with her. When she made her Olympic departure, clutching a bouquet of paper flowers and waving, Olga had won the world's heart. When both Olga and Ludmila appeared in the U.S. the next year, the best-known and best-loved gymnast upstaged the best all-around gymnast. And in 1974, when the Soviet team arrived here on another tour, Ludmila was not along. "Ludmila," a Soviet official an nounced, "is tired." Tired, perhaps, of being upstaged.

"I've seen Olga and Ludmila giggling like sisters," says Rick Appleman of the United States Gymnastics Federation. "I've seen them fixing each other's hair. I don't think they would do that if they had an overt dislike for each other." Nevertheless, the rivalry has created tension. Olga resents not having defeated Ludmila for the all-around gold medal in the Olympics, in the World championships or in the European championships. Ludmila resents Olga's worldwide popularity. Late last year, Ludmila did travel to the U.S. with the Soviet team, but she performed mechanically and did not make an appearance at the New York buffet dinner honoring the Soviet gymnasts.

Some experts feel that Korbut look-alike Nadia Comaneci, a 14-year-old Rumanian, is the girl to beat in the 1976 Games.

Olga is popular with her other teammates. They understand that if it weren't for her, they would not be touring the world. But most of the Soviet coaches prefer Ludmila's quiet dedication to Olga's individual flair. Larissa Latynina, the Soviet women's coach, once suggested that Olga's admirers in the Free World were too quick to excuse her mediocre performance in the European championships. The coach insisted that a leader should win in any situation.

"And for that," Latynina said, "one must be a complete person in every respect—in relation to sport, to yourself, to your own triumphs and to the triumphs of others. Olga Korbut does not yet have enough of these qualities."

Olga ignored that criticism. She listens only to Renald Knysh, her personal coach, who has been guiding her for nearly a decade. Taciturn and demanding, Renald Knysh shaped Olga's vitality and ability into that of a relentless competitor. "Remember," he kept telling her, "you are always capable of doing better." And under his guidance, she was eventually doing what no gymnast had dared—a backward somersault on the four-inch wide balance beam, daring flights on the asymmetric bars. "Circus acts," her critics called them. But she soon developed into the Soviet Union's youngest Honored Master of Sport—younger by about two years than any other Soviet female gymnast. And at Munich she had emerged as a worldwide missionary for her sport. Her stature was obvious when U.S.G.F. officials were negotiating a Chicago appearance. They reminded Arthur Wirtz, the owner of the Chicago Stadium, that other gymnasts and acrobats were in the Soviet troupe.

"Never mind them," Wirtz said. "Just bring the little kid."

But Olga Korbut is no longer a little kid. And as she prepares to make her last attempt to win an Olympic gold medal in the all-around competition, the 21-year-old artist will have a world of people rooting for her. ■

THE SPORT QUIZ!

ANSWERS
From page 11

1—c. 2—b. 3—c. 4—True. 5—c. 6—b. 7—a. 8—Bikila—Marathon, Davis—400-meter hurdles, Calhoun—110-meter hurdles. 9—a. 10—c. 11—c. 12—a. 13—b. 14—b. 15—c. 16—c.

Bettman Archives—68. Barry Bregman—26, 43 (left). Bill Brubaker—40 (left), 45. Fionnbar Callanan/DUOMO—96 (bottom left). Gale Constable /DUOMO—40 (right). Bruce Curtis—89. Dave Drennan—29, 39, 62, 64 (right). Chuck Muhlstock—64 (left). Andy Newman—42. Paul J. Sutton/DUOMO—43 (middle), 96 (top left). Steven E. Sutton /DUOMO—66, 94. UPI—6, 11 (right), 30-31, 43 (right), 48 (middle), 56 (2), 58, 81 (4), 86, 88, 96 (bottom right). Wide World—4 (2), 11 (left & middle), 12, 36, 46, 48 (top & bottom), 59, 90, 96 (top right).

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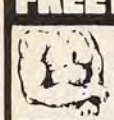

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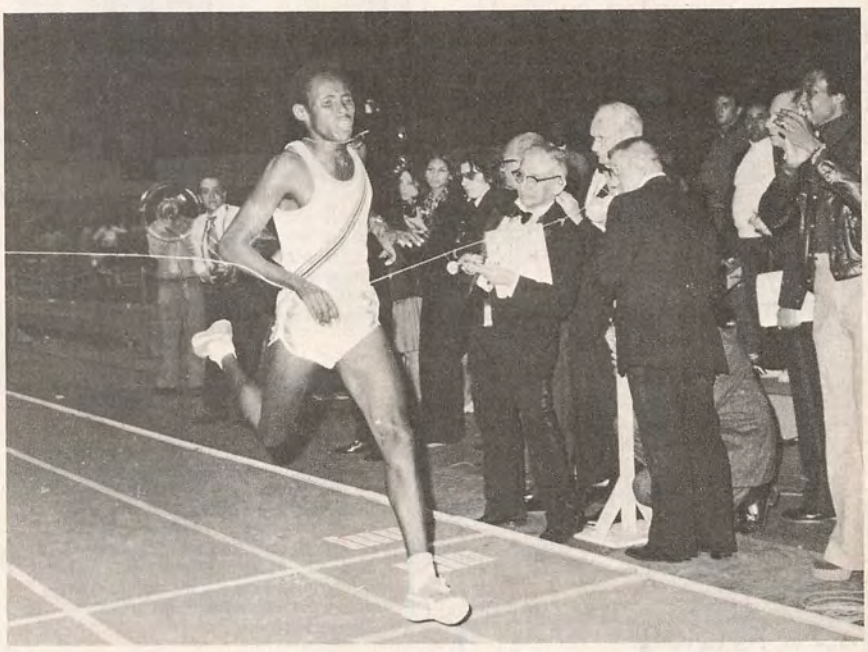
THE DREAM RACE: BAYI VS. WALKER

In the past year, New Zealand's John Walker and Tanzania's Filbert Bayi have established themselves as the greatest milers of all time. Bayi broke the world record for the mile at the Martin Luther King Games in Jamaica in May, 1975, with a time of three minutes, 51 seconds. Three months later, in Goteburg, Sweden, Walker set the new mile standard with an astounding time of 3:49.4. In the 1,500 meters, the distance which they will run in the Olympics, Bayi holds the world record at 3:32.1 and Walker has the next-fastest time, 3:32.3. Although Bayi claims their confrontation will be more than a two-man race, many of the world's best milers have already announced that they won't enter the Olympic 1,500. Others, such as Marty Liquori—whom many consider America's top miler—have said they are considering alternate distance events. But the competition in Montreal that everyone is awaiting is the Bayi-Walker showdown. For that will finally determine who in fact is *the* greatest miler in the world. ■

Filbert Bayi holds the world record for the 1,500 meters, the distance he and John Walker will run this month in Montreal.



John Walker, the world's next-fastest man in the 1,500, set the world record in the mile, (below right), with a time of 3:49.4.

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